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JOURNEYINGS IN SPAIN IN 1852.

BY ROBERT T. MACCOWN

THE tourist who has been accustomed to all the improvements of European travel, and the luxuries of good inns and good attendance, must be endowed with much self-denial if he attempts a journey through Spain. In that benighted land, at least three centuries behind the present age in all that relates to the conveniences of travel and the comforts of life, his poor body will be most unmercifully shaken over bad roads, and his stomach surprised with a most unchristian *cuisine*. Spain is not a country of canals, rail-roads, omnibuses, and steam-boats, nor of fine restaurants, cafés, and first-rate hotels. A want of energy, and an indisposition to change old customs, pervades every class of society, and the maxim, 'Let well enough alone,' is carried out to its fullest extent.

The *caminos reales*, or royal roads, which branch off in every direction from the capital, and connect it with the principal sea-ports, were admirably planned and constructed in the beginning, but from long neglect, many of them have been suffered to fall nearly into a state of ruin. The other roads, which may be divided into those practicable for carriages, and those which are mere bridle-paths, are much worse than these, and during the winter season are almost impassable.

This condition of things greatly curtails the facilities for locomotion, but among a people who move about so little as the Spaniards, the inconvenience is trifling; and for the tourist it possesses many advantages over our rapid mode of rail-road travelling, for he is enabled to see more of the country through which he is passing, and to gain some idea of the manners and customs of the people.

Robbers are another difficulty which the traveller sometimes has to encounter in his journeyings, both in the high-ways and by-ways. A few years since, it was almost impossible to make a tour through the country without having an encounter with some of these worthies, but at present adventures of the kind are more rare. There are several grades of ban-

ditti, which are classified under the names of *Ladrones*, *Salteadores*, and *Ratones*.

The first of these form themselves into regularly-organized bands, of from fifteen to twenty in number, well armed and mounted, and under perfect discipline. Against such a force resistance would be useless, if not perilous. And when the diligence is stopped by a band of these dashing fellows, the passengers usually hand over their money and valuables with a good grace, and are treated with the utmost civility in return. But if any resistance is offered, or if any of the passengers having a belligerent turn should resort to fire-arms, and wound or kill one or more of the robbers, the blunderbuss is called into requisition, and one runs the chance of losing his life as well as his purse; and if he do escape being shot, he will without doubt be stripped to the skin, and most unmercifully beaten. No injury if possible is done to the ladies; on the contrary, acts of robber-gallantry are frequently shown toward them, which would bear relating.

The *Salteadores* are a lower order of robber, who go on foot, and lie in ambush for their victims, jumping out upon them when least expected; and the *Ratero*, or *Raton*, the lowest of the class, is a sneaking foot-pad, who robs and oftentimes murders unprotected single passengers in unfrequented roads. I often heard tales of travellers having been waylaid and murdered, and of the diligence having been stopped, and the passengers stripped of every thing except the clothes on their backs; yet, turning a deaf ear to these stories, I went quietly on my way, traversing the whole of the peninsula, sometimes in public conveyances and sometimes on horseback, as occasion required, without meeting with a single unlucky adventure. It is the custom of the country to carry fire-arms for personal defence; and in my journeyings through lonely places, I have often met with fierce-looking men, with long beards, and huge guns slung at their saddle-bows, who, without any stretch of the imagination, might have been taken for robbers. But they always turned out to be peaceable country-people, going upon their business, who touched their hats in passing, and gave the national salutation, '*Vayase con Dios*:' May your worship go with God.

Although the inconveniences I have enumerated appear somewhat formidable, they are in reality much less so than might be supposed. And to the tourist who is a lover of the novel and picturesque, and who is willing to put up with a few discomforts in exchange for the pleasures he will meet with by the way, there is no country more attractive than Spain. In this land of the mountain and valley, of the olive, the orange, and the vine, he will behold an original people, whose manners and customs have remained unchanged for centuries. There he will see the Alcazar of the Moor frowning from many a rocky height, and will roam through his fairy palaces, once the abode of all the gorgeous splendors of the East. He will behold the grim monastic pile, and the stately cathedral, and gaze with rapture upon the glowing canvas of Murillo and Velasquez. Every step will be replete with interest. And after the labors of the day, wholesome exercise will add a sweet sauce to his frugal meal, and he will enjoy refreshing sleep upon his homely couch, though he be attacked by an army of fleas; for, as the Spanish proverb

says, '*Quien duerme bien, no le pican las pulgas* : ' fleas do not disturb those who sleep soundly.

At Bayonne, a frontier town of France, I took my place in the diligence for St. Sebastian. Soon after leaving Bayonne, we came upon the neutral ground which lies between France and Spain, and the mountain barrier of the Pyrenees appeared in view. From thence a short ride brought us to the bridge over the Bidasoa, a small stream, which flows between the two contiguous countries ; and this boundary passed, we entered the Basque Provinces. We were now among that race of hardy mountaineers who have never yet been conquered, and who to this day speak a language differing from every other in Europe.

An hour's ride brought us to Irun, the first town in Spain ; and although so near the frontier, the change is very perceptible. The men, wrapped in their ample cloaks, have a more grave and dignified aspect ; the houses are all built with huge balconies ; the streets are narrower, and the place has a gloomy, inanimate appearance. Here our passports were examined, and our luggage underwent the scrutiny of the Spanish custom-house. We were treated with the greatest civility by the officers, yet at the same time every trunk, carpet-bag, and hat-box, was searched with the utmost rigor. From Irun to St. Sebastian, the country possesses little interest. The latter place is a homely town of about ten thousand inhabitants, and presents few objects worthy of the attention of the traveller.

Leaving St. Sebastian, we entered a beautiful and picturesque country, where mountain-streams gushed along the narrow ravines, rich verdure covered the Swiss-like hills and mountains, and pretty little villages appeared in view at short distances. The laborers were in the fields, men and women together, turning up the earth with a species of pronged fork, which served the purpose of a plough ; the donkey plodded along the road with his heavy burden, and every thing spoke industry among this hardy race of mountaineers. Night came upon us, and one of the most beautiful moons I have ever gazed upon, added a new charm to this wild mountain-scenery. The road became more and more steep, and I descended from the diligence, with several of my fellow-passengers, to enjoy the charming scene on foot.

I had not become accustomed to the lumbering Spanish diligence then, and the novelty caused me no little amusement. Let the reader imagine a huge vehicle containing four compartments. The first of these is the *berlina*, or *coupé*, the place par excellence, situated in front, and containing three persons ; next, the *interior*, the second best, containing six persons ; third, the *imperial*, placed on top, with places for four persons ; and last, the *rotunda*, situated behind, for six persons, who have the pleasure of swallowing all the dust raised *en route*. On the top is placed all the luggage, secured with ropes, and protected from the weather by a leather or painted canvas-cover.

This huge machine is drawn by eight or ten mules, decorated with a profusion of small bells, and presided over by three important personages. The first of these is the *Mayoral*, or conductor, who is the chief or captain. He superintends the driving, regulates the time for stoppage, and pays particular attention to the passengers in the *berlina* and *interior*, with an eye to a *gratificacioncita* at the end of the journey.

The *Mayoral* is sometimes assisted in the driving by the *Zagal*, his second in command, who is a most picturesque-looking personage, attired in the Andalusian costume, which is the adopted dress of the jockey, the smuggler, the bull-fighter, and the robber, throughout Spain. This consists of a gay-colored silk handkerchief tied round the head, on the top of which is placed a low-crowned black beaver hat, with a brim turned up around the edge, and bordered with velvet; of a jacket of brown cloth, embroidered on the back and sleeves with gay-colored flowers, and ornamented in front with filagree buttons of silver or gilt; pantaloons of velvet plush, either blue or dark green, slashed at the sides, and also ornamented with two rows of filagree buttons; a scarlet sash around the waist, and large leather gaiters on the legs.

The duty of the *Zagal* is extremely laborious. He runs by the side of the diligence, sometimes encouraging the animals by kind words, sometimes belaboring them with his long whip, and at others stimulating them to their duty by the most shocking oaths and imprecations, in which he is always seconded by the commander-in-chief. The poor fellow is almost constantly on the go, from the beginning to the end of the journey, only mounting occasionally by the side of the *Mayoral*, or reposing himself for a few moments on the iron step by which the passengers mount into the *rotunda*, when the diligence encounters a smooth piece of road.

The last personage is the *Delantero*, or postillion, who rides one of the leading mules, and is generally a lad of eighteen or nineteen years of age, with sufficient powers of endurance to remain in the saddle from morning till night, without repose, except during the short stoppages for meals. When this huge vehicle is in motion, rolling to and fro over the rough roads, amid clouds of dust, now diving into deep ruts and anon rising again to the surface, it reminded me very forcibly of a Dutch galliot in a gale of wind.

The road becoming more precipitous before arriving at Vittoria, six oxen were attached in front of our mules to assist in dragging us up a steep mountain. Two additional drivers were then added to our caravan; and the uproar made by the combined force surpassed all description. The continual cracking of the whip of the *Mayoral* and *Zagal*, the sound of the goad on the backs of the oxen, and the vociferations of the whole party, reëchoed far and wide through the mountain-passes, in the stillness of the night.

At length we arrived at Vittoria, the scene of one of Wellington's victories over the French. This is a pretty little town of about fifteen thousand inhabitants, with two beautiful *Paseos*, or public promenades, and a handsome plaza, surrounded with arcades. But I did not tarry here, for I had not yet arrived in the interesting part of Spain; and after a day's sojourn, I continued my pilgrimage to Burgos.

Passing through several small, dirty-looking villages, the scenes of poverty and wretchedness, we arrived at Miranda, where we descended to take dinner. But alas! not such a dinner as I have enjoyed in 'La Belle France,' even in the poorest village inns. The Spanish *cuisine* is really execrable. Every article placed before you is stewed, and strongly impregnated with rancid oil, garlic, saffron, and red pepper; and the

newly-arrived stranger, whose stomach is unaccustomed to such high-flavored condiments, is obliged to fall back upon boiled eggs, bread, and cheese. The famous *puchero* and *olla* may be very savory dishes for the Spaniard, but for one accustomed to a civilized *cuisine*, a mixture of beef, bacon, sausages, beans, cabbage, carrots, onions, garlic, pepper, etc., etc., has no attractions.

It was a fête-day at Miranda, and all the town was in an uproar. Young men attired in harlequin costume appeared before the inn, and danced to the music of the guitar and castanet. A procession of priests, attired in their robes of office, and bearing the image of a saint, was likewise parading the streets. The van was followed by the Alcalde of the place, and many of the principal inhabitants; while in front there were about twenty young men, decked out with gay ribbons, who danced along, singing and keeping time by striking together, in a kind of mock fencing, painted sticks or clubs. This curious ceremony continued until the party had arrived at the door of the church, where they entered with all becoming gravity to perform their devotions.

Leaving Miranda, the country became more picturesque, and we soon entered the wild pass between the mountains of Oca and the Pyrenean spurs, where high rocky walls frowned on each side of us, and a grim precipice opened its awful jaws at our feet. After leaving the gorge, the country became almost a desert. We traversed vast plains, where not a tree was seen to gladden the eye, and the few scattered villages through which we passed presented a gloomy and poverty-stricken appearance.

When we stopped to relay, we were immediately surrounded by a crowd of ragged beggars, of all ages, who importuned us, for the love of God and of the Virgin, to bestow upon them our charity. But let it be known that the Spanish beggar, who is the type of all beggars, is the best-bred beggar in the world. He will patiently solicit you for alms by the hour, and then, after finding out that you are inexorable, instead of turning away with a sour face, he politely doffs his hat, and wishes you a pleasant journey.

But we now approached Burgos, the ancient capital of Old Castile, whose time-honored walls I hailed with pleasure. The palmy days of this old city have departed, and its population has dwindled to a few thousands. Yet its far-famed cathedral, its numerous historical associations, its venerable Gothic appearance, and its dark, narrow, and almost deserted-looking streets, make it an object of peculiar interest to the stranger. For nearly a mile from the walls the road was ornamented with an avenue of trees, and numerous gentlemen and bright-eyed señoras were abroad taking their evening promenade.

We at length entered one of the principal gates of the city, and our diligence halted in the Plaza de la Constitucion, a large unpaved square, used as a market-place, surrounded with mean-looking porticoes, and ornamented in the centre with a statue of Charles III. The pearl of Burgos is its cathedral, whose splendor surpasses description. This stupendous Gothic pile was commenced in 1221, by order of St. Ferdinand, King of Castile and Leon, and was finished toward the end of the same century.

Time has dealt lightly with this beautiful edifice. Its lofty spires of

delicate open stone-work, and the exquisite carvings of its portals, remain almost as perfect as when they came from under the hands of the workman. The interior is grand and imposing, but much blocked up by the *coro*, or choir, which occupies a large portion of the central nave, and prevents an uninterrupted view of the whole. The choir is divided into two parts, separated by the transept, and surrounded by a wall eight or ten feet in height, each part being screened off from the transept by magnificent open-worked iron portals, which are only opened during service. The first part contains the grand altar, and the second part, which is properly the choir, is occupied during service by the choristers, and by the priests, when not officiating at the altar. In one end of this is the archbishop's throne, and the sides are lined with two rows of most beautifully-sculptured oaken stalls, whereon are represented various subjects from the Old and New Testament. Standing near the centre of the building, where the eye is less obstructed by the *coro*, the stupendous dimensions of this sacred temple are better appreciated. The magnificent octagon cupola, rising to the height of one hundred and eighty feet above the marble pavement, sustained by four enormous columns, ornamented with beautiful sculpture, and containing niches occupied by the statues of saints and apostles; the dim religious light which pours through the antique painted glass windows, faintly illuminating the long aisles, and the numerous chapels that surround the church, produce a religious effect upon the mind, only experienced in these Gothic piles which man has raised to the worship of the DEITY.

The various chapels merit particular attention, for they nearly all contain some good specimens of painting and sculpture. Their altars, however, struck me as being in bad taste. They are covered with a profusion of gilding, and the figures of their saints are decked out in silks and satins, and overcharged with jewelry. The chapel of the *Condestable*, the principal one, is as large as many of our city churches, although only an insignificant part of this. Here repose the ashes of the Velasco family, the hereditary constables of Castile. In the centre are placed the magnificent marble tombs of its founder, Pedro Hernandez de Velasco, obiit 1492, and of his wife, Maria Lopez de Mendoza, obiit 1500. Their full-length statues repose upon their sepulchres, and the exquisite sculpture of the armor of the king, and the costume of the queen, with its delicate lace-work, surpass all description. This chapel contains three altars, and several other tombs of members of the Velasco family, which possess much merit. It is likewise adorned with beautiful paintings, rich carvings, and numerous master-pieces of Spanish statuary, sculptured out of stone. The whole is lighted up by the many-colored rays that pour through the antique windows, which shed a peculiar charm over this resting-place of the departed.

From the body of the church I passed into the vast cloisters, the style of which is more purely Gothic than that of the interior of the building. The windows and the painted arches are most curiously carved, with flowers and strange devices; and the sculptured figures and *alto-relievos* on many of the tombs are most admirable. From thence I passed to the *Sala Capitular*, or Hall of the Chapter, which is said to be a part of the ancient Moorish palace upon whose site the cathedral was con-

structed, and which was preserved as a memorial of the conquest. The Moorish ceiling is of heavy carved oak, covered with curious paintings, the colors of which present an astonishing freshness, considering that eight centuries have passed since they were laid on. We saw here several good paintings, and in an adjoining vestry were shown the *Cafre del Cid*, an iron-bound chest, which belonged to that great captain, and which figures in the chronicles of his times.

There is so little life and activity at Burgos, and so few people seen abroad at certain hours of the day, that the stranger might almost suppose it to be a deserted city. Once the capital of Old Castile, and the residence of a gay and luxurious court, it is now a decayed town, with a scanty and poverty-stricken population, who pride themselves on being genuine Old Castilians, or as they more forcibly say, '*Castellanos rancios y Viejos*.'

This is the city of the famous Cid, who fought so gallantly against the Moors; and we wandered through numerous narrow, dirty and gloomy-looking streets in search of the house where he was born. Finally ascending a hill, on the outskirts of the town, we found the site on which the mansion stood, but every vestige of the building was swept away. A monument in a ruined condition still exists on the spot, bearing an inscription, but it was so defaced that we were unable to decipher it.

I left Burgos in the diligence for Valladolid, and never has it been my lot to travel over a more uninteresting route. This part of Old Castile is flat and treeless, and the clouds of dust raised by our caravan of mules was almost suffocating. The ancient splendor of Valladolid, like that of Burgos, has passed away for ever. The French committed terrible ravages here, and civil wars have completed what the foreign foe commenced. The town was first sacked by the invaders, who subsequently desecrated and burned many of its churches and monasteries. The master-pieces of painting and sculpture were either stolen or destroyed, altars were broken, and gorgeous sepulchres dashed to pieces.

To this day, an inveterate hatred exists toward the French among all classes of the community. Almost every foreigner seen in the streets is taken for a Frenchman; and I have not only here, but in other parts of Spain, had the mortification to see boys stop their play and follow me with impudent faces, shouting, *Frances! Frances!* Stones have likewise been thrown at me more than once, which, had they taken effect, might have caused severe injury.

Valladolid has a population of about twenty thousand souls, although capable of containing more than twice that number. The streets have a gloomy aspect, and there is little animation to be seen in any quarter, except on Sundays and fête-days, when here, as through all Spain, the whole population turns out in holiday-dress, to promenade the streets and public walks.

On the evening of my arrival, I took a short stroll through the town with one of my fellow-passengers, who was a resident of the place. After traversing several narrow, gloomy-looking streets, the houses in which had the appearance of so many prisons, we entered the grand Plaza. This is surrounded by large buildings, underneath the first story of which are handsome porticoes, supported by granite columns. Here are to be

found the best shops, and it is likewise a resort for all the loungers, and the centre of all the business and activity of the town.

After promenading the porticoes, and examining the shop-windows, which did not look very inviting, my companion proposed taking a cup of coffee. At about a stone's throw from the Plaza, he conducted me up a flight of steps and through a small door into a long, low room, where, by the dim light of several lamps which hung from the ceiling, and through a dense cloud of tobacco-smoke, we distinguished about one hundred persons seated at small round tables scattered over the room, most of whom were enveloped in cloaks, and engaged in playing dominoes, smoking, sipping coffee, or eating ices. From the black-bearded, fierce look of many of the company, one might have more readily imagined himself in a den of thieves, than in the most elegant *café* of Valladolid.

After having seen the cathedral of Burgos, that of Valladolid sinks into insignificance. Although it has never been finished, it is now in a half-ruined condition, owing to the fall of the tower in 1841, which caused considerable injury to the building. The Doric façade is handsome, and the arch above the grand entrance noble. The form of the interior is an oblong square, four hundred and eleven feet in length, and four hundred and four in breadth, and presents an imposing appearance, although much injured by the *coro*, which as usual occupies the centre of the church.

In the *sacristia*, or vestry, the sexton showed me a most magnificent *custodia*, a species of tabernacle, weighing one hundred and forty-seven pounds, and over six feet in height, which is used for carrying the Host in the procession of Corpus Christi. This is a *chef d'œuvre* of Juan de Arfe, who lived in the sixteenth century, a period when Valladolid was celebrated for the excellent workmanship of its silversmiths. The sexton informed me this was one of the few precious objects which escaped the melting-pots of the French, who appropriated all the valuables that were not concealed before their arrival. Valladolid possesses the remains of numerous churches and convents, but many of them are now deserted and falling to ruin. Among these, the Church of the Convent of San Pablo presents one of the most beautiful specimens of the florid Gothic style of architecture we have ever beheld. It must have taken years to complete the façade, which is most elaborately sculptured. The interior was gutted by the French, and is now used as a *dépôt* for galley-convicts, before they are forwarded to their destination. The ancient and once richly-endowed convent of San Benito, which was adorned with numerous works of art, is now deserted; and that of Carmen Calzados is turned into a barrack.

One of the greatest objects of curiosity at Valladolid is the painted wooden sculpture of Berruete, Juan de Juni, and Hernandez, whose names and whose works are hardly known out of Spain. These specimens are found in the museum, which contains, beside, the artistical riches of the thirty suppressed convents that once adorned the city. The statues are as large as life, and so faithful is the expression and coloring that they are startlingly natural. They are formed into groups, in which the attitude of each figure is most truthfully displayed. Among

those which more particularly attracted my attention, was a CHRIST bearing the Cross, the Baptism of CHRIST, and the Death of CHRIST, all by Hernandez. The *Silleria* of the convent of San Benito is also another very curious work, by Berrugete. It consists of one hundred oaken stalls, taken from the choir, and nothing can be more admirable than the carving of its bas-reliefs, and elaborate ornamentation. Upon each stall some subject of Spanish history is represented, in which Ferdinand and Isabella, the Cid, and Fernando Cortez, figure largely.

T O A S N O W - B I R D .

Bird of the winter-time!
That comest near when winds are wild and bleak,
And gusty tempests through the forests shriek,
In the cold northern clime:

How like a thought art thou
Of some departed joy, our own no more,
Whose memory flits around Life's wintry shore,
Even as thou dost now!

Thou waitest not for Spring
To fill the fields of heaven with cloudless blue;
Nor for the merry June, whose breezes through
The fragrant forests sing.

Morn with its golden mist,
That floats like incense up from wood and river,
And Evening, of sweet scents and dews the giver,
And waves by moonlight kissed:

October's long bright days,
When hill and hollow teem with the sweet story,
And the wind whispers its *memento mori*,
Through wood-lands steeped in haze:

Thou heed'st them not: alone,
Where the sad Northern day is cold and brief,
Thy quick chirp gladdens the great forest's grief,
When the far tempests moan.

Contented with my part.
Oh! thus would I, when storms do loudest roar,
In HIM who 'cares for thee,' trust evermore
With an unfaltering heart:

That when at last I stand
By Death's dark stream, my soul may take its flight,
Where Summer with its everlasting light
Fills Heaven's enchanted land!

THE MAN WHO MARRIED HIS GRAND-MOTHER.

EDITED BY WILLIAM NORTH.

I.

THE deed shall be told,
 The serpent unrolled
 That lies coiling in many a hideous fold
 Round this heart of mine, once so untrammelled and bold,
 Since my soul to the DEVIL I bargained and sold
 And became for all time
 A monster of crime,
 To be withered in prose and blasted in rhyme,
 By newspaper-scribblers and poets sublime,
 In books at a dollar and sheets at a dime;
 In copy-right volumes and volumes re-printed,
 An honest resource, by which fortunes are minted.

II.

There was not a beauty in Union-Square,
 In street the Fourteenth or in Avenue Five,
 Whom a person might fancy, that wanted to wive,
 With figure so graceful or features so fair,
 Such radiant eyes or such glorious hair,
 As the ship-owner's daughter, sweet EMILY CLARE:
 And how, when, or why
 She was brought to comply
 With my grand-father's suit, is a thing I defy
 The whole world to explain; but it can't — nor can I.
 Yet such was the fact:
 The fortress attacked,
 Struck its colors to Age, by a million backed;
 And I — I was bidden to witness the scene
 Of Seventy wedded to sweet Seventeen.
 A terrible bargain! I saw it: what then?
 I became from that hour the most wretched of men.

III.

THERE stood at the altar the radiant bride,
 (Like MADELINE BRAY by the side of old GRIDE,
 In orange-flower blossoms that pallidly vied
 With the hue of her cheeks and her brow's noble pride:
 The azure of heaven, the depth of the sea,
 From beneath her long lashes gleamed sadly on me,
 As my pitying gaze
 Met the sorrowful rays
 Of her eyes, which I saw through a glorified haze,
 That saddened, yet brightened my heart as they fell,
 Like celestial fire in a cavern of Hell!
 Mixing torture and bliss in delirious swell,
 All higgledy-piggledy, smash and pêle-mêle,
 Till, my brain spinning giddily, scarce I could tell

If the yelling of fiends or the clang of a bell
On my ear with such splitting monotony fell!

IV.

Yes! the evil was done,
And I — I was the son
Of the man whose respectable father had won
The beauty whose aspect had floored me outright
By a striking example of love at first sight.

V.

Oh! she was fairer than words can describe!
Though were I a bard of the TENNYSON tribe,
I would say so in terms
Containing the germs
Of at least half-a-dozen poetical firms
In phrases so choice,
With so gentle a voice,
That the hearts of American girls should rejoice.

VI.

But as I am merely
A man who writes clearly
His meaning, and then sells his manuscript dearly;
In fact, as I'm strictly a business person,
Some subjects I can't turn the stream of my verse on;
And at this very moment, recording the curse on
My heart, I could go off and rant like MACPHERSON,
Or hexameters LONGFELLOW-metred, or VOSSIAN —
But who would stand classical rhythm, or OSSIAN!

VII.

Ah! few people know
The flame-currents that flow
Beneath the cold masks men of business show:
How, while talking of stocks that must up or down go,
Their hearts may be rent
By passions long pent,
Like gas under pressure in want of a vent!

VIII.

I struggled, I wrestled — I squabbled and fought
With my love for my grand-mother — horrible thought!
Of course I well knew
That it never would do
To encourage such notions: I labored to view
Her beauty as common-place; nay, I was fain
To try and make out that her features were plain:
I tried to find fault with the turn of her chin;
She was slender — I strove to believe she was thin:
That her waist was too long, and her figure too tall —
Her eyes much too large, and her mouth much too small;
Her complexion too pale, and her fingers too white
That, in short, after all, she was nearly a fright:
But with all her deformities such a sweet girl,
Such a lovely, adorable, delicate pearl!

Of intense fascination,
 Her least observation
 Or look set my heart and my head in a whirl,
 And inspired such wild thoughts, that I rose once or twice
 With a vague fiendish thought that some bliss at no price
 Might be purchased too dearly! then, grasped by the vice
 Of an iron necessity, backward I sank,
 And — a glass of ice-water impatiently drank!

IX.

Oh! adoring his grand-mother makes a man feel
 His heart to calcine, and his senses to reel.
 Wild, beautiful, devilish, maddening dreams
 Float round him like incense, in violet streams,
 That, as they curl upward in spirals gigantic,
 Form serpent-like columns to domes necromantic;
 While angels — soul-blasted — are driving him frantic
 By choruses splendid, unearthly, transcendent,
 That seem to react upon harp-strings resplendent,
 Self-echoing, quivering, gleaming, like strings
 Golden, silvery, flame-twisted, moved by the wings
 Of the gorgeous spirits that beat on the air,
 Light-flashing, electric —
 Oh, hellish despair!
 Hence! begone, dreams insane! To the emerald grass
 In that vista of grand crested trees let me pass,
 Where the shadows fall coolly across the bright glade,
 Like the stripes on the skin of a tiger displayed:
 Is not earth — this sad earth! — a wild beast that devours
 All that crawls on its surface, and withers the flowers
 Ere their beauty is felt? Ah! she leans on my arm;
 'Tis the delicate pressure — voluptuous — warm!
 Let the priests and the laws do their worst! But what's this?
 I'm alone; all was vision; all — even that kiss:
 All, even that look of the deep, loving eyes:
 She's my grand-father's wife: she is good — I am wise.

X.

Such a life could not last:
 With my strength ebbing fast,
 (Not having, like HOMER's great hero, a mast
 To which I could bind
 My refractory mind,
 As *he* lashed his limbs, when the Sirens he passed,)
 I resolved by an effort prodigious, one day,
 Since no more I could fight, to run bravely away,
 Notwithstanding my grand-father urged me to stay,
 And my beautiful grand-mother counselled delay,
 With tears in her eyes such as risk one's salvation:
 Then I *knew* my sole chance lay in flying temptation!

XI.

I fled, striving vainly to tear from my heart
 The kiss, which at parting I could not refuse.
 In Paris at VEROUR's I dined *à la carte*,
 In Switzerland saw all the lithographed views:
 Yet I could not conceal
 From myself that the steel

Had entered my soul ; that for woe or for weal,
 (As the Frenchman expressed it, 'for *veau* or for *veal*,')
 My grand-mother's charms were the spell that still reigned
 O'er my life. Nay, the fiend whispered low : 'I had gained
 Quite as much as I'd lost in the heart that remained ;
 Deserted and lone, on the rock of old age
 In silence to throb, and in darkness to rage ;
 With a love to which hope was for ever denied :
 For, a man may not wed his own grand-father's bride,
 'Not marry his grand-mother? No, that is plain :
 I'm a martyr, a victim to passions insane!'

XII.

'But what's this in the paper?' I read and re-read
 The paragraph thrice : 'Why, my grand-father's dead!
 I'm his heir, and of course I at once must return,
 Not to see *her*, of course — *that's* another concern :
 Yet — to meet her again! and a widow, and free!
 'Well?' We met: all was over, with her and with me

XIII.

A certain amount of heroic resistance
 Is certainly possible — when at a distance.
 But love, like a magnet, grows stronger the nearer
 Its subjects approach : thus from queerer to queerer
 Reflection lured on ; I at length grew so cunning
 At killing objections, like pheasants in gunning,
 That, though the idea may perhaps disconcert you,
 To marry my grand-mother *seemed quite a virtue!*

XIV.

Yes! we married: love topping all con-siderations,
 And defying the horror of pious relations.
I married my grand-mother! Thus I became
 A mark for the scorner, an emblem of shame.

Postscript: by Electric Telegraph.

But what's this, old woman — what's this that you say :
 'I married by strictly legitimate option?'
 You or I may say so, my good nurse, but the way
 Of the world is a different hint to convey.
 'Now,' replies my good nurse, 'do child, listen, I pray :
Your father was only a son by adoption!'

XV.

Such indeed was the fact, and my fair bride's embraces
 No longer an orthodox canon disgraces ;
 But when once a blunder is made, how retrieve it?
 The fact I proclaim, not a soul will believe it.
 My grand-mother's face was, they say, the sole cause
 Of my wicked defiance of canonized laws ;
 And all the young ladies persist in declaring
 That we 'went the entire' to escape from despairing ;
 For they cannot give up such a capital story
 As wedding one's grand-mother — just *con amore*.

FINIS.

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR.

A FAITHFUL AUTOBIOGRAPHY: RENEWED BY REQUEST.

BY GLAUBEN SAUTER, M. D.

I HAD stumped about the country for a dozen years or so, in the same equipage, having wonderful success in curing 'cases,' but half the time cheated out of the credit of it by catnip tea. I took a notion to cast up my books to see how rich I was, and what could be made of outstanding accounts. It cost a great many evenings of hard work to arrive at the knowledge that, all debts being paid, I was not worth a 'brass farthing'—not a red cent. Notwithstanding all the lucrative cases of typhus which I had managed, I remained poor. I believe that people in the city pay their fees with alacrity because the charges are exorbitant. When a bill for a hundred dollars, for looking two or three times at a sick child, is presented to one who lives in a well-furnished house in the upper part of the town, the very largeness of the demand is a delicate compliment upon his ability to pay. The man of the house sits down at a handsome secretary, and draws out a clean check for the full amount, saying, 'Doctor, you are very moderate: now that Jacky is out of the woods, come in, in a sociable way.'

As soon as the messenger is gone, the *pater-familias* exclaims, 'What an outrageous bill! It is an expensive luxury to be sick.' However, it has its advantages to be attended by a fashionable doctor, as it has to worship God in a fashionable church. On one occasion I was called in midsummer to attend a sick man on the sea-shore. After several days, his family physician, the renowned Doctor Jallaps, arrived from the city, and the patient was soon after on his legs, no thanks to me, and ready for the surf.

'How much are you going to charge him?' said Doctor Jallaps.

'Twenty-five dollars,' said I.

'Poh!' said he, 'make it a hundred. He expects it.'

'If he expects it,' said I, 'it would give me great pain to disappoint his expectations;,' whereupon I acted advisedly, and received an honored check for a round C. on the Phoenix Bank.

On another occasion, when attending one of my own patients in the same vicinity, while crossing the 'big bridge' when the tide was up, I came near being drowned. My sulky was soon afloat, but the horse, being a good swimmer, reached the opposite bank. Now, beside risking my own life, I fairly dragged the patient from the very gates of death. I got him out of a bilious-remittent, drove the jaundice out of his skin, and when I came to ask him for ten dollars, he blackguarded me like a chicken-stealer, and would never employ me again. The fact is, that people in the country abhor taxes, and a doctor is the worst of publicans. To be sick they think is a dead loss, which they unchristianly grumble at; but to have to pay for being cured, irritates them beyond

measure. Oh! how meek they are, when they lie prostrate in a burning fever — when their teeth chatter, and the whole house jars with their shaking agues! Oh! how welcomely the latch is lifted up to admit you when life seems to hang upon a hair! But get them on their legs, and the first thing which they forget will be that they were ever on their backs. If many of them do pay you, it is under protest, procrastinating the settlement to a time when the account might be outlawed, clipping down the fair proportions of a just bill, and giving you the most ragged representative of money.

I say that when I came to overhaul my accounts, I was not worth any thing, and therefore arrived at the conclusion that it was high time to marry a wife who would take care of my money. I did so, and found my condition better, but for some years had a hard time of it. My children were extremely pettish and peevish, and what with nocturnal calls, I had not a night's rest for five years. If any thing ailed them, they were sure to cry the night long; but if they were well, they woke up long before the crowing of the cock, climbing over me at the very moment when I had composed my head for a short morning nap. But paternal philosophy can well be reconciled to the sweet music of 'crying babes,' some thousands of which have been imported into New-York during the present year. But the number of people taken sick in the day-time, who send for the doctor by night, produced a compound fracture of my time, which seldom gave me a comatose state. It is the sweetest of all consolations to lay a weary head upon the pillow with the thought that rest awaits you until the dawning light. Whatever carking cares have vexed you, that is a long season of immunity which stretches through the dark hours of the night. Then do the strained muscles lapse into the most easy attitudes in the yielding couch, and the taxed intellect is still, and you bolt the door upon ingratitude and strife.

But to lie down without security from disturbance is enough to frighten away sleep. Such is the lot of a country doctor. I could relate innumerable instances of the utter disregard with which he is routed from his bed, without occasion, at all hours. Here is one in point:

I arrived late one winter evening at my own door, after a hard day's toil. With what a feeling of relaxation did I divest my feet of heavy boots, set them smoking at the fire, and then regale them in easy slippers! Then wrapping about me a soft padded gown, with what luxury did I fall back in my arm-chair, peruse the daily paper, and sip a cup of tea! 'Now,' said I, 'the labors of the day are over. A storm is brewing out of doors. I hope that no body will come here to-night. If they do, I won't go. Let them go after Bogardus. I won't immolate myself for any body. It is unreasonable.' With that I pulled down my ledger and made a note of the day's visits, one half of which were to poor houses, negro huts, and Irish shantees. As to this class, they loved me like a brother, and their confidence in me was unbounded. They sent for me if their bones ached, or if their corns hurt them, and I went with all speed, though I sometimes had occasion to scold them. Before retiring for the night, I opened the outer door, as was my custom, to see the state of the weather. It was a tremendous night. The moon shone palely, but the wind blew a hurricane. It rained, it hailed, it snowed,

it blowed. I thought again of the poor mariners on the coast, and with a silent prayer for them, and all houseless, unprotected ones, I closed the door, and went to bed. I had just recovered from the shivering sensation of cold sheets, and become conscious of a grateful warmth, while that delightful drowsiness which borders upon sound sleep stole over me, when there came a knocking, impatiently repeated, enough to wake the dead. 'Gob bless me!' I groaned out, crawling out of bed, and lifting up the sash, 'what do you want?'

'Doctor, want you to come right straight away off to Banks's. His child's dead.'

'Then why do you come?'

'He's p'isoned. They gin him laud'num for paregoricky.'

'How much have they given him?'

'Dono. A great deal. Think he wōn't get over it.'

'When did they give it to him?'

'This arternoon.'

'Why did n't you come sooner? How do you think I am to go two miles on such a night? Have you brought a wagon?'

'No.'

'Then I won't go. Tell them to ——;' and having prescribed hastily out of the window, I closed the sash and went back to bed. But the howling wind and rattling sleet against the panes had not that soothing effect which they have to one who lies snug and warm and irresponsible in his couch. 'What,' said I, 'if that child should die through my neglect! Will it absolve me from criminality because the parents are poor? I will go: I must.' With that I leaped out again, kindled a match, and went down into my office. Not choosing to wake my man Flummery, or to disturb my old horse, who was craunching his oats, and housed for the night, I took my stick and set out to walk. The snow-water went through my shoes like a sieve; my neck and bosom were instantly covered with sleet. Nevertheless, I had some humorous thoughts while breasting the storm, and composed a Latin distich by the way. I had just got the last foot of the pentameter correct, when my own foot struck against something which looked like a black log. On scrutiny, by the light of the moon, I found it to be my old patient, Timmy Timmons, apparently sound asleep, with his beloved rum-jug by his side. I in vain shook him to make him aware of his situation, and see if the spirit had left his body. I shook the rum-jug, but there was no spirit there, not a drop. 'Timmy,' says I, 'wake up.' No answer. I then kicked him, but he bore it as if he had been used to kicks. 'He is dead,' said I, and passed on to the next house. There, while opening the gate, I was fiercely attacked by a stout bull-dog; and while keeping him off, and fighting my way up to the house, the master came out in his shirt-tail with a loaded gun. 'Do n't you know me?' said I, as he examined the priming; 'it is the doctor.'

'Souls alive!' responded he; 'I thought it was a thief! I'm glad you spoke when you did. In a minute more I should have popped you over, Doc'. Sorry to do that. My son John's got the fever-aig. Here, Bull, Bull, Bull!—g' home, Sir!'

'Timmy Timmons,' said I, 'is lying out in the lane, drunk or dead,

I don't know which ; dead drunk, at any rate. He must be looked after.'

'Wait till I put on my breeches. What a wunnerful night! Won't you come in and git warm?'

'No ; get on your breeches, and make haste.'

'Guy ! when I first heered you, I thought it was Lawrence comin' to break house. He's a desput fellow. So I gets up and looks out o' the window, and then I went into the corner to find my gun, and if I did n't ——'

'Come, come ; do you want ——'

'To get the rheumatiz? No, I do n't. Hold on, Doctor ; be down in one minute.'

We returned to the congealed Timmons. My coadjutor took up the jug, shook it, and said, 'Not a drop.' He then smelt it.

'It is rum,' said I, 'the cause of all this misery.'

'No, Doctor, not *all* rum ; there's been a little *molasses* into this jug, by the smell of it.'

'Lift him up,' said I. He did so, and carried his burthen home, where I brought Timmy to life.

I now trudged on upon my original errand, hoping to save another life more valuable than that of Timmons. Arrived at the house, I perceived it shut up as if hermetically sealed. Not a light was to be seen. I knocked at the door, but no answer. I knocked furiously, and at last a night-cap appeared from the chamber-window, and a woman's voice squeaked out, 'Who's there?'

'The doctor, to be sure,' said I ; 'you sent for him. What the dogs is the matter?'

'Oh, it's *no* matter, Doctor. Ephraim's better. We got a little *skeered*, kind of. Gin him laud'num, and he slept kind o' sound, but he's woke up now.'

'How much laudanum did he swallow?'

'Only two drops,' said she. 'Taint hurt him none. Wunnerful bad storn to-night!'

I buttoned my coat up to my throat, turned upon my heel, and tried to whistle.

'Doctor, Doctor!'

'What do you want?'

'You won't charge nothin' for this visit, will you?'

Now, as I travelled back on foot, the moon became obscured, the driving sleet blinded the eyes, I heard the Atlantic breakers booming ; and beating upon the coast ; and with head down, like a bulrush, I arrived at my own door wet and disconsolate, saying to myself : 'THAT LITTLE PLANT CALLED PATIENCE DOES NOT GROW IN EVERY GARDEN!'

SIGN ON A BARBER'S ALE-HOUSE.

ROVE not from pole to pole — the man lives here,
Whose razor's only equalled by his beer ;
And where, in either sense, the cockney-put
May, if he pleases, get confounded cut.

THE LAY OF A YOUNG PARISIANER.

OFTEN I'd wandered through the LOUVRE
 And GALERIE DE BEAUX ARTS;
 Often I'd seen the troops manoeuvre
 Up on the CHAMP DE MARS;
 But Beauty and Manoeuvre yet
 I found were still to learn,
 When first I saw LISETTE, coquette,
Grisette chez BOIVIN JEUNE.

BOIVIN JEUNE looks like a duchess,
 And she smiles a gracious smile
 On the novice in her clutches,
 Whom she measures for *gants pailles*;
 But 'the French' entirely fails him
 (Which took so long to learn)
 When thy bright glance assails him,
LISETTE, chez BOIVIN JEUNE!

Afternoons one's sure to *flaner*
 At the windows on his way,
 Where the crafty tradesmen blarney,
 In the QUARTIER DE LA PAIX;
 From gay crowds that never cease
 On the BOULEVART, he must turn
 To RUE CASTIGLIONE, DIX,
 To LISETTE, *chez BOIVIN JEUNE.*

For there's always something needed:
 Satin scarfs of gorgeous hue,
A jaquette de matin braided,
 Or a *faux col rabattu*:
 Not at all that one's a dandy,
 Oh no! 'tis but to learn
 The language of *marchander*
 From LISETTE, *chez BOIVIN JEUNE.*

Vainly they smile, the dames that keep
 Watch by the ELYSEES;
 Vainly their trailing satins sweep
 The smooth *asphalte pavé*:
 Let the proud FAUBOURG beauty's breast
 Heave with disdain, and spurn
 The *bourgeois* crowd — I like thee best
LISETTE, chez BOIVIN JEUNE.

My countrymen, who, *en badaud*,
 Parade RUE RIVOLI,
Moustache, cigare, lorgnon,*
Glim cane and bottes vernis,
 Are no disguise; and if they were,
 Your 'accent' she'll discern:
 No Yankee ever humbugged her,
LISETTE, chez BOIVIN JEUNE.

* THE correct hatter.

In RICHELIEU's old building, *
 Whose gas-lights bravely show
 On the mirrors and the gilding
 AUX TROIS FRERES PROVENCAUX;
 Where the glasses swim with MOET,
 Bubbling over like an urn,
 Young America cries, 'Go it!
 Here's to her, *chez BOIVIN JEUNE!*'

I too — but never mind it now:
 The gloves she sold are soiled,
 The lace-trimmed *cravate* is laid low,
 The dainty *mouchoir* spoiled;
 But in day-dreams I cherish yet
 These memories, and yearn
 To see dear Paris and LISETTE,
Grisette chez BOIVIN JEUNE!

LITTLE BRANGER.

THE LITTLE NELL:

A LEGEND OF LAKE MICHIGAN.

BY LEWIS J. BATES.

'The triumph and the vanity,
 The rapture of the strife!'

BYRON.

'To battle with the elements, and be
 Victorious.'

ANON.

'By the horn spoons!'

The Little Nell rose and fell lazily on the heavy blue swells, rolling with slow and stately majesty toward the distant bar, whose seaward outline was marked by a low, shifting line of foamy white. The sun was just peering above the trees on the bluff, bold hills, slanting on the waves hardly a mile in-shore from the boat, giving to their crests a light golden tinge, in a long tapering column, converging to a point at the eye; while the little village of White Lake, directly under our lee, and some five miles distant, with its white houses and pretty gardens, was yet in the shade.

Listlessly I leaned against the mast, striving to satisfy myself that three or four sardines and a cracker or two constituted what was intended to be implied by the term 'breakfast,' and watching the effect of the various shades and curiously-blended tintings of green, and purple, and gold, and scarlet, where the pine-forest and the beach and maple bottom-land met, half-way up the side of one of the largest hills; or, closing my eyes, I dreamily enjoyed the genial warmth of the sun-light, that appeared to suffuse rather than penetrate the balmy blue haze of Indian

* PALAIS Royal.

summer, floating so fantastically around the hill-tops, and boiling up mysteriously from the valleys, and waving like a fairy veil far out over the waters. Wonderful transparency of opaqueness, presenting no obstacle to the vision, yet itself distinctly visible!

We had sailed all night with a slight westerly breeze, on our return from Stony Creek, where we had sold a cargo of flour at so small an advance on the original cost, that the skipper was hardly yet through grumbling at our speculation.

The *Little Nell* was a small craft — ‘a very inconsiderable machine,’ as the skipper’s grand-mother, Mrs. Jones, had expressed herself, to the great indignation of her grand-son — carrying only a main-sail and jib, and capable of stowing about eighty barrels of flour.

John Jones, the ‘skipper,’ as I called him, was almost as ‘inconsiderable’ as his ‘machine,’ being a little, close-fisted, weasel-faced fellow, as odd and as full of fun as he was stingy in every thing but eatables and drinkables. On the morning in question he was steering the craft, having just relieved me from my watch; and after his morning’s allowance of grumbling, he had relapsed into silence, apparently examining with great interest the rudely-carved snake’s head which adorned the end of the tiller, except when he glanced his eye forward at a headland by which he was steering.

The sun-light crept closer and closer to the beach, and I was absorbed in a profound calculation of the time it would require for it to light up the surf on the bar and gild the top of the liberty-pole on the green in front of the Sailor’s Hotel, when I was disturbed by the voice of the skipper:

‘By the horn spoons!’

This was an ejaculation never uttered by the skipper except when he was suddenly struck by some new and brilliant idea; and the tone in which it was uttered conveyed the impression of a man who was lost in a sense of his own wonderful sagacity. Knowing this peculiarity of his disposition, I waited a moment for his self-admiration to subside, and then looked up for an explanation of his thoughts, with a sardine arrested in its course just half-way between the can and my lips.

‘Well?’ I ventured to say, in an expectant tone. The skipper looked up, glanced at me, looked to windward, then at the town, and finally at the mast-head, apparently engrossed in a critical scrutiny of our dirty-yellow fly.

‘By the horn spoons!’ he repeated, musingly.

The sardine disappeared. It was evident that he did not wish to be disturbed. A second sardine was lifted from the can by the tail, and allowing the oil to drain from it, I amused myself with watching the swells as they passed from under us, one after another, till they broke on the bar.

I love the water, especially Lake Michigan. Not as others love it, for its lucid clearness, its profound, unfathomable depth, the ever-varying beauty of its aspect, as it barely ripples in the sun, or thunders in unapproachable majesty in the storm; not for the silence and the awe of the old mounds that dot its shores, sole relics of an unknown age; and not for the inaccessible mystery of its wondrous ebb and flow; though each

of these has its own separate and particular charm. To me its waves are an intelligence and a life. Every pulsation of its mighty bosom is a heart-beat of memory. Every swelling billow is crested and fraught with mementoes of the past; of the sweet thoughts that have dropped upon me like dew, as I have lain on the moving deck, and looked up into the blue sky, and counted the clouds, and striven to number the stars, learning first

‘To mingle with the universe;’

of the friends I have met and the scenes I have passed through; of pleasure and of peril—for these I love it.

‘By the horn spoons!’ repeated the skipper suddenly, stamping his foot as if to give energy and resolution to the words. At the same instant he let go the main sheet, and shoving the tiller hard to windward, the bows of the *Little Nell* coquettishly receded from an advancing wave just ready to embrace them, until her head looked directly into the little creek upon which the village was built.

The words were so startling, and the action was so sudden, that the can of sardines slipped carelessly from my hand and rolled into the water. Wistfully I gazed at the place where it had disappeared, till the next wave swept away the bubbles in its track; and then turned, with a look of mingled reproach and indignation, to the skipper, for an explanation of his conduct.

‘Never mind the sardines,’ he said, ‘we’ll get breakfast ashore: it cost six shillings though, and there must have been a shilling’s worth in the can,’ he added, abstractedly.

The idea of a warm breakfast on shore, so suggestive of hot coffee and smoking Indian meal griddle-cakes, with butter and honey, for which the landlady of the Sailor’s Hotel had a wide-spread reputation, had a wonderfully mollifying effect upon my indignation; and at the additional thought of fresh white-fish, my anger entirely evaporated in a broad smile and a complacent smack of the lips.

‘You know there’s to be a ball at Grand Haven to-morrow night,’ continued the skipper.

I assented with a grunt.

‘There *may* be some passengers from White Lake for us?’ he observed inquiringly, after a pause, laying a peculiar stress upon the word *may*.

‘There *MAY*,’ I rejoined, in a manner that implied that there could be no doubt on the subject.

‘Two or three?’ said the skipper.

‘Six!’ I replied, confidently.

‘Three couple at twelve shillings: four dollars and a half,’ he added, musingly.

‘Three couple at two dollars: six dollars,’ I returned, decidedly.

‘It’ll pay?’

‘Of course.’

‘We may get some freight.’

‘Certainly, we will.’

In a few moments we were amid the breakers on the bar; but, running

before the wind, it required but little skill to keep the channel, and we were soon made fast along-side the wharf, if a pile of logs, slabs, sawdust and dirt merited that title.

Arriving at the Sailor's Hotel, we gave the landlady a decided intimation that she was expected to excel all her previous performances in the culinary art, the skipper adding, by way of stimulus, that we had eaten during our stay at Stony Creek some cakes which, to use his own expression, 'knocked the last we got of her make into the bung-hole of a water-butt.' From the gleam of the old lady's eyes at this reflection upon her skill, I knew that something extraordinary might be expected; and revelling in the delicious anticipation, we returned to the bar-room, to await the breakfast bell, and gather from the loafers our presence attracted the prospects for the success of our enterprise.

While thus engaged, a young man entered, and learning that we were to sail at six in the evening, so as to arrive at Grand Haven in time for breakfast on the following morning, he engaged a passage for himself and two ladies. We also contracted to carry some dozen or more barrels of white-fish, just enough to make good ballast for our craft.

The breakfast proved equal to our most sanguine expectations, only 'a little more so.' In fact, that particular breakfast formed henceforth and for many months an era from which to date, and a standard with which to compare all subsequent experiments in good eating; and to this day, I never dream of fresh white-fish fried, without re-devouring, in imagination, the very same identical fish who fell a victim on that memorable occasion to my relentless voracity. After breakfast an hour or two was spent in getting our freight on board, smoking and talking; when I left to the skipper the business of hunting up what other orders there might be in store for us, and calling for a bed, I retired, to sleep off the effect of my last night's wakefulness.

At four o'clock in the afternoon I was aroused from a sound sleep by a violent shake from the skipper, accompanied with the information that dinner was ready and our passengers waiting. I was not long in completing my toilet, though the hint dropped by the skipper, that I might expect to see Kate Hill and a young-lady cousin of hers, described as 'some and a few to boot,' did add an extra flourish to the fall of my hair over my temples, and the set of my open, sailor-like collar; and somehow, my gaiters shone more than common.

Going down the rude stair-way, which opened directly into the dining-room, my ears were greeted by the familiar voice of Kate Hill, in her usual merry tone, followed by a burst of laughter, in which the sweet, clear voice of a stranger joined, so different from any thing I had heard among the rough lake-shore lumber-men with whom my lot had been cast during the last six months, that I involuntarily paused to listen. Something was said by the same sweet, mellow voice, and another burst of laughter followed. The flourish of my hair suddenly disappeared; my cravat lost its complicated, jaunty tie; my collar settled away into an easy, natural fit; and I stepped into the room with something of the quiet, unassuming air that I should have presented at home.

The trout, a delicious-looking morsel, stuffed and baked, and done to a dainty brown, lay in close proximity to a tempting white-fish, the very

counterpart of the one I had eaten for breakfast, both steaming up clouds of savory, inviting odors; and the company were only restrained from an immediate and simultaneous attack upon the tempting viands by the declaration of Kate that 'they should n't touch a mouthful until I had made my appearance.'

Grim reader, did you ever eat a white-fish or a baked trout, with Indian meal griddle-cakes and wild honey? Not such a shrivelled, dried-up conglomeration of scales, fins, hard skinny flesh, bones and salt as you may procure at one of our city hotels by that name; but a real bona-fide fresh fish, caught by your own hook or net just at sun-rise, the first trophy of your now acknowledged skill, and served up for breakfast, juicy, delicious, and of a snowy white, with the memory of your ride on the blue dancing water, in a neat white skiff, propelled by the pretty daughter of your landlady, yet green in your imagination? Did you ever—pshaw! of course you never did, or there could be no earthly reason assigned why you should be loafing around some fashionable watering-place during the hot summer months, instead of finding health, quiet and pleasure by the clear waters of the west: so I shall not waste words on your ignorance by describing the various beauties of bass, pickerel, pike, and a host of other fish that swarm in the great lakes; or painting the morning ramble through the cool green forest, followed by a dinner of wild fowl and a supper of sweet, rare venison steak. No wonder you have lost your appetite, and have to go to some springs or other to recruit! A man who do n't know the difference between good and bad venison, who never ate white-fish or lake-trout, and who is a stranger to *genuine* prairie-hens, and too lazy to cultivate their acquaintance, ought to have a 'bowel complaint'!

Springing forward as I entered the room, Kate caught me by the arm, and welcoming me kindly to White Lake, she passed her arm gaily around my waist, and dragged her half-willing victim to the farther end of the long table in a kind of wild, frightened waltz; when, pausing directly in front of the stranger lady, she ejaculated:

'Mr. Bates, Alice Lee.'

Miss Lee rose, bowing gracefully, and cordially extended a delicate white hand. To have made a drawing-room bow in such circumstances would have at once lowered me at least sixteen degrees in the eyes of Kate, Ned Green, and the skipper; and to nod in the ready, familiar style of the lumber-men, seemed equally inappropriate: so I determined to 'split the difference,' and bow about 'half and half.' Kate, however, effectually redeemed my obeisance from any appearance of studied refinement, by pulling me backward just at the critical moment when I flattered myself that the 'difference' was handsomely 'split,' in such a manner as to nearly bring my head and knees in contact; and then pushing me as suddenly forward, so as to straighten me up with a jerk, just like opening a jack-knife; to the infinite amusement of the company, no doubt, but to my ill-concealed chagrin. For this piece of frolic I, however, revenged myself by a warm kiss from the tempting lips of the laughing beauty, when the face of Ned Green was observed to elongate just in proportion as mine recovered its natural serenity.

Leading me to the table, and seating me beside herself, Kate com-

menced an undertone, and, to all appearance, wonderfully confidential conversation, to the still greater annoyance of the poor fellow, who was led to suppose, from our occasional quick glances at himself, that the conversation was in some manner mysteriously connected with his own individual private affairs and appearance. He, however, so far bottled his wrath as to place a chair for Miss Lee, and with his blandest smile and most finished bow, asked her to 'set by.' The effect of this demonstration was, however, wholly lost on Kate. Indeed, one would have thought she was entirely ignorant of *who* Mr. Ned Green *did* lead to the table. This was something very much like adding insult to injury; and when, in the ardor of our talk, Kate pulled down my head and whispered in my ear, and I returned the confidence in turn, only contriving to draw Kate a little nearer, and to somewhat prolong the mysterious communication, winding up by a whisper apparently intended to be extremely low and guarded, and yet loud enough to be distinctly heard, of 'Ned mustn't know any thing about it, of course; you understand; mum's the word,' accompanied by a peculiar smile and a nod which spoke volumes in itself, the poor fellow could contain himself no longer, and looking daggers at Kate, he observed:

'Come, Bates, are you *ever* going to carve that ar fish?'

As he said this, he transferred his glance to me, with a look which would have demolished a stove-pipe; but as I sat with the tall coffee-urn between us, I merely ducked my head, and the glance passed harmless.

Kate sat while I was cutting up the tempting fish with an abstracted air, until she was roused by Ned with:

'Come, pour out some coffee; don't you see we're all waiting?'

'Pshaw!' said Kate, suddenly starting, 'I forgot you were all at the table;' and she turned the coffee with a haste that was almost dangerous.

This last remark was immediately succeeded by the clatter of knives and forks and the ringing of spoons, and I had now an opportunity to contrast more closely the appearance of the different members of our little party.

The skipper has already been described, and I am myself indescribable, and must therefore be imagined.

Kate Hil was, as I have said, the belle of the place; and she truly merited that distinction, if black eyes, red cheeks, tempting lips, and a form the proudest of our city belles might envy, had any claims to beauty. There was a roguishly arch expression lurking in her clear eyes, and a whole troupe of mischievous sprites were eternally playing their gambols amid the saucy curls of her glossy hair; though when she was sober she would draw on a face so supernaturally solemn as to fairly astonish the spirit of mirth, and effectually drive him from her presence; and then the elves would slink out of sight in her hair, and the room would seem to grow darker; and one felt, beneath the influence of one of those looks, as if he had just attended the funeral of his dearest friend, and had been forgotten in the Will. On the whole, she was the wildest, the sprightliest, most inexplicable little tyrant that was ever the acknowledged queen of forest beauty.

Miss Lee was of a different order and style of beauty. She had the

faultless form and brilliant eyes of her cousin, and her complexion was fairer than the misty clouds the sun-light loves to linger on at parting, and as the clouds, was tinged with faint roses, like the shadow of a crimson curtain. There was a winning sweetness of expression on her lips, and a quiet, gentle dimple in her chin; but the fire of her large eyes, and the sweeping contour of her forehead, redeemed these from their apparent lack of energy. True, she was thus beautiful, but the spell of her presence was not in these: it was in the gentle realization of that natural and acquired refinement which hung about her like a mantle, contrasting with the rude wildness of her companions.

Ned Green was a handsome young lumber-man of twenty, the general favorite of lake-shore beauties, good-natured, active, daring, and manly, with clear, jolly blue eyes, curling hair, and light, firm tread. He was the undisputed monarch of the wrestling ring, boxing, running, or leaping match, and could 'saw or chop round any lumber-man in those dig-gins, and give him odds at that.' Public opinion had, for once, rightly assigned him to Kate Hill as her future partner for life, and public opinion never made a better match.

After dinner I left for the boat at once, to trim and secure her load and prepare for our departure. By the time the skipper appeared with our passengers, I had made main-sail on the little craft, got her headed for the lake, and made fast close to the mouth of the creek, with a long plank communicating with the shore. While Ned and the skipper were getting the ladies aboard, I occupied myself in hoisting her jib as she lay with her head to the wind, which was blowing a light breeze from the north-west. The ladies' carpet-bags, which were already aboard, I had taken the precaution to stow away in an old sea-chest in our little fore-castle; so that nothing remained to be done but to see the ladies themselves aboard. Kate had been led across the plank with perfect ease, except that she nearly pushed Ned into the creek, in a sudden *fright*, the moment she was actually safely aboard. But with Alice the case was different. In vain did Ned and the skipper assure her of the perfect safety of the enterprise; in vain did Kate (suddenly forgetting the fear which had so nearly proved disastrous to Ned) walk back and forth half a dozen times unsupported.

'Let Bates try,' said Kate, who was ashore again; 'he'll manage it in some way: get out of the way, Ned!'

Stepping lightly on the plank—a narrow, vibrating affair, not more than ten inches wide, and stretching over a dozen feet of water—and apologizing for its insecurity to unaccustomed feet, I presented my hand, and to my surprise, it was at once taken, and Miss Lee assisted aboard without the slightest appearance of that apprehension she had a moment before professed. Kate caught my hand as Miss Lee dropped it, and sprang lightly aboard, and then turned to laugh at her discomfited gallant.

'By the horn spoons!' muttered the skipper, dropping his lower jaw till it rested on his cravat; and then turning away, he indulged in a long, low whistle.

'That ar's a go!' said the boy who was to cast off our lines, leering wickedly on the chagrined gallants.

‘What do you mean, you rascal?’ said Ned, kicking him.

‘What do you mean, you land-lubber?’ said the skipper, cuffing his ears.

‘What do you mean?’ echoed Kate, putting on a face so ludicrously and supernaturally solemn, that the boy fairly trembled in his boots, and Miss Lee and myself burst into a wild laugh.

‘Never mind, Ned,’ she continued; ‘it’s all in knowing how.’

This was the unkindest cut of all; and springing hurriedly aboard, Ned pretended to be very busy assisting the skipper. The boy on shore cast off our lines, letting go her bow-line first, when her head fell off, and the sails filling, her stern-line was cast off, and we were away.

It was now near sun-set, and as the lake is, during the summer months, subject to land and sea breezes, we resolved to stand out some four or five miles beyond the reach of the shore-breeze, and run up the lake with the north-west wind outside.

Slanting through the smoky air fell the sun-light, making a long golden track on the waters, and beautiful roseate shadows chased each other playfully back and forth over the waving sea of the visible atmosphere. Far away in the south-west, a single dark cloud lifted its head, like some old mountain, proudly from out the waters, with every varied feature of an Andean hill, from the high, jutting precipice and soaring peak, to the even slope and dark ravine. Down its side flowed a white streak, like a mountain-torrent, with cascade and rapids and pool; and the lighter clouds gathered about its summit as they gather around the ‘pride of the highlands’ before a storm. At the water’s edge I fancied I could see the billows break against it, and involuntarily listened for the roar of the surf.

Turning to the shore, the tops of the hills were alone touched with a crimson light; and beyond and above them the twilight, gray and still, had already hung her sober veil athwart the sky, suspended in undulating folds from a few pale, lonely stars.

‘How beautiful!’ said a clear voice at my elbow.

I started at this echo of my own thoughts, and turned quickly to the speaker, Miss Lee. She was leaning against the main-boom, within a few feet of the mast, gazing absorbedly on the beautiful scene. The calmness of her features, and the quiet repose of her attitude, so lifeless of emotion, betokened perfect inactivity of mind; but the fire that blazed fitfully through the long lashes, drooping so languidly over the contracted pupils, gleaming with a sudden intelligence, and then as suddenly burning out, showed that her senses alone were in a state of repose, while her mind had gone out, free and unfettered, to roam over the trackless waters, and bathe in the billowy sea of golden mist that rolled above.

Since the hour when I first set foot aboard the *Little Nell* till now, I had met no one who could understand or appreciate the mysteries of that wondrous world which we carry within ourselves, the kingdom of the invisible presence, Thought; and seen no one who could admire with me the visible glory of the outward world. To my companions, like myself, these scenes were familiar; and unlike myself, familiarity, if it did not breed contempt, had produced an apathetical indifference. Consequently I felt, as many a life-dreamer has felt in similar situations, a

sense of loneliness, an intense craving and reaching out for the companionship of some mind whose hopes and aspirations were congenial, the thirst of that ambition that would set the dreamer apart from his fellows.

Ned was engaged in an earnest conversation with Kate, and the skipper was leaning listlessly over the tiller, whistling for a breeze. It had fallen a dead calm, leaving us some five miles out on the lake, rocking heavily up and down on the uneasy waters; and the sails flapped with a wearisome sound against the spars and rigging.

'Is it not glorious?' said Miss Lee, slowly turning to me.

'I never saw a lovelier evening,' I replied: 'see how gradually the twilight steals over the water.'

'I wonder if Italian sun-sets are more beautiful: the mist floats around the hill-tops like a delicate veil.'

'There is not a lovelier sky in all the Old World, Alice, than that which is spread over our own home,' said I, unconsciously using her first name.

'And yet it is neglected by men of refinement and literature.'

'Not entirely, though far too much so. Never was a land more worthy of all the admiration and eulogy that genius can bestow, and I hope that some of our gifted authors will yet finish the task that Cooper and others have so nobly begun.'

'True, they have done much. Do you not love to be a sailor?'

'Sometimes,' I replied, seating myself beside her; 'but it is not always pleasant.'

'I should think one such evening would repay you for a month of hardship.'

'One *such* evening does, Alice; but many similar ones, with no more appreciating a companion than the skipper there, are almost sufficient to destroy the charm.'

The sun had now been down for more than an hour, but the evening was so clear that objects could be seen at a great distance, and I fancied that the swell of the lake was growing shorter and heavier.

'How strangely the mist boils up out on the lake!' observed Alice, after a long pause. She had been gazing steadily to windward for some minutes.

I turned quickly to the quarter indicated.

The light, smoky vapor which had all day hung over the water had grown denser and darker, till it somewhat resembled a light fog, through which the faint glimmer of the stars could hardly be discerned. Close to the horizon, where the sky and the water blended, it had suddenly lifted or rolled up, like an immense curtain, in the form of a low arch, resting at either extremity on the waves, and in the centre was in a state of strange and wonderful commotion. In places the roll was as smooth and regular as if folded by human hands, but in others was thrown into confused and irregular cloud-like masses, from which fantastic spiral columns dipped curiously downward, and were suddenly withdrawn; or parting into little snowy wreaths, were driven hither and thither in an inextricable whirl, as if tossing and rebounding from the seething waters beneath. That portion of the heavens revealed beyond this wonderful arch was of a dull, leaden-gray color, across which flashed continual

streamers of lurid red, as of the reflection of a distant conflagration seen through the momentary openings of its own dun mantle of smoke. Above this, the sky had not changed, but stretched softly away in all its wondrous and illimitable glory.

‘In with the canvas, for your life! in with it!’

It needed not the warning cry of the skipper to urge me to my duty. Already I was at the halliards, and in an incredibly short space of time the *Little Nell* was rolling uneasily upon the billows under bare pole; but as the apprehended storm would drive us directly upon the bluff shore under our lee, the main-sail was close-reefed, and I stood by to set it again after the first violence of the puff should be over. While these preparations were going on, the arch had rushed upward and outward, growing less distinctly defined as it spread, and shadowing the dim light with its rushing wings, till the darkness settled palpably around us, in a seeming circuit of half a mile in circumference. The air, too, appeared to grow close and heavy, as of many persons breathing in a small room. Still the roar of the distant surf was distinctly audible, as we held our breath in awe, till it was drowned in the swelling moan of the advancing tempest. The lights on shore were shut from view by the advancing vapor, and we were alone with darkness and the storm.

In mercy for us, the tempest sent a light breeze as a harbinger of its approach, by the aid of which a little headway was got upon our craft, and her head brought close to the wind. The ladies were hurriedly collected at the foot of the mast, and with the assistance of Ned I lashed some empty casks we happened to have on board, two under each of the heavy thwarts, so that, with the farther security of our little fore-castle, which was perfectly water-tight, there was at least but little danger of our going down outside.

Scarcely were these preparations completed ere the tempest burst in all its fury. Our frail vessel bowed to her powerful antagonist till the water poured over her side in a torrent; and then, gracefully recovering, leaped eagerly forward to the contest, but was lifted bodily on a giant surge, and flung violently astern.

For an instant I thought we were lost, as the water swept by and over us in a rushing torrent, and instinctively I grasped an oar that lay near me. At the same instant I felt a soft arm thrown hurriedly about me, with a timid, half-doubtful, half-clinging pressure.

But the *Little Nell* recovered herself nobly, and as she rose gallantly on the next wave, flinging the spray half-mast high, to fall in a shower over our persons, the voice of the skipper blent with the storm for a moment, and was swept away to leeward, as he bent resolutely over the tiller:

‘By the horn spoons! hurrah!’

For half an hour there was an alternate succession of puffs and lulls. The gale then became steady, but gradually increasing in violence, until the whole surface of the lake was white with foam, through which our gallant fabric appeared to rush with the velocity of an eagle on the wing, the spray flying in a continual arch over her cross-trees.

At length the darkness dispersed a little, and we were enabled to note our position. Good heavens! there was a bright light under our lee:

we were hardly a mile outside Muskegon Light-house, and the breakers were leaping madly over the bar within half that distance, so surely and rapidly had the storm driven us before it, although we appeared to advance.

All eyes noted our danger at the same moment. There were none of us so ignorant as to suppose for an instant that there was even a hope of escape. The narrow channel opened into the lake in the form of an elbow, but the breakers rolled completely across it, with a violence that would have torn us to shreds in an instant. We could see their white crests leap wildly into the air to the height of a dozen feet or more, and then fall back, but to be succeeded by others. The roar and turmoil of the surf was beginning to rise above the noise of the gale, like the thunder of Niagara. Slowly but steadily we drifted down to certain destruction, every surge flinging us aloft in its giant embrace, as if in the very wantonness of power, and hurling us remorselessly nearer and nearer the wan and grisly Presence whose footsteps were abroad on the waters.

‘Doomed!’ said the skipper solemnly, during a momentary lull. ‘The Little Nell will never make another trip.’

‘Hush! we are at the very portals of eternity.’

‘God can alone save us!’

I turned to the pale face of the last speaker, whose arm was thrown clingly around me. I had supported her against the violent motion of the boat. God help me! her look of innocent confidence and trust, even in spite of her last words, was absolutely appalling, as though I could afford protection in the last impotent struggle. Until now, even in the face of despair, there had been with me a faint hope, the shadowy outline of that blessed form that never quite deserts the young and daring. With a confident reliance on the power and skill of the sinewy limbs and the strong heart that had never failed their owner, I felt that I might even yet be saved; but as I glanced at the frail form at my side, a palpable vision of the triumph of the passionless Conqueror passed before my mind. I could see the shapely forms, grown stiff in his cold embrace; the ghastly horror of the distorted features; the rounded limbs, swaying idly to and fro beneath the dark waters, with a fixedness and rigidity of motion that was more than terrible; the crowd on the beach; the smoothing down of those out-starting muscles; and most fearful of all, the closing of the poor bruised lids over those protruding eyes. There were the faces of those who were near and dear to me; the mother who had already once bared her heart to the touch of the All-Sorrowful; the sisters and brother who were wont to place such an implicit reliance in my strength and skill as a sure safeguard on the waters.

Strange that we two should be so linked together—the fair stranger and myself.

I chanced to glance at Ned. His face was as pallid as the sheeted foam that rushed seethingly by, and already the bitterness of the great agony was passing over his heart. Kate leaned against him with an expression of trust, mingled with a shrinking terror, that was pitiful in its helpless confidence. Who should awake her from the hope that was as a bubble? Might she not have read despair in his averted looks?

The skipper had calmly divested himself of his cravat and boots, and

had drawn his belt a little tighter, with the air of a man having nothing to hope, yet mechanically preparing for a fruitless struggle; and he now bent earnestly over the tiller, and watched the motion of the boat with an attention that improved every chance of escape or procrastination.

A sudden thought struck me. Although it seemed but little short of madness, still I determined to make the attempt, and force more sail upon our already burthened craft. True, if I failed, our fate would only be more sudden and irremediable. It was staking our last and only hope, that of nearly reaching the shore before we were broken up, against a possibility.

With hurried fingers I tore away the line with which the jib was lashed to the stay, and gave it to the wind. As the broad sheet rushed out from its fastenings and spread to the gale, the little craft bowed till the water poured over her side in a torrent, but recovered herself slowly and rushed forward with a mad bound, only to be flung back again. Throwing my whole strength and weight into the effort, it was not until I had been thrice plunged headlong beneath the surging waters, and once nearly lost my hold of the boat, that I succeeded in trimming and securing the swelling canvas. I then passed astern and took the tiller.

Even as I grasped it, and gave her a freer sheet, a fearful billow heaved up in the red light of the beacon, and combing over, poured down upon our doomed heads in a cloud of foam. The boat was instantly filled and driven under; but now the casks my forethought had arranged did us good service, and we struggled slowly to the surface. The wave had broken outside; we were upon the bar!

The peculiar shape of the boat kept her upright, and the broad canvas straining out as though it would part from the bolt-ropes, we moved heavily forward, half buried in the water. Another breaker! but this time it rose directly under us; the bows of the vessel shot far out into the air, she careened violently, freeing herself from the water with which she was filled, and then surged forward with a shock that threatened to part her in fragments. Another and another! still she forged slowly ahead, and at last the white line of the surf was fairly astern.

At this instant a rushing shriek, as of many voices mingling in the agony of terror, but swelling high above the roar of the surf and the whistling of the rigging, rose fitfully from out the seaward gloom, and died hoarsely away in a prolonged moan.

‘My God! what was that?’

There was no time for a reply, for the blast that instantly followed almost took away our breath, though to me the sound, although singular, was not a stranger: the voice of the pent-up wind as it rushed along the cavity of a curling wave, the weird war-cry of the contending elements. I felt my heart leap to my throat with a wild bound, and my blood boiled along my veins with the peculiar thrill of arousing courage, as if the defiant shriek of the storm had been addressed directly to myself. As the vessel met the broken billows, and rushed madly up their dark slopes, the eager excitement of my frame appeared to pass into the inanimate wood; and as I bent forward and watched her motion with an absorbing and controlling interest, she seemed rather to obey the impulse of volition than the natural laws that prescribe the motion of matter.

The skipper, too, had caught the excitement. He would chuckle and rub his hands gleefully, with flushed cheeks and eyes sparkling merrily; he would lean over the side and watch the hurrying billows, and then glance at the canvas, with many a muttered repetition of his favorite oath.

The veriest coward alive will meet a certain degree of danger with an appearance of interest; and to the brave there is a fascination in peril that nothing else can afford. Who does not remember with something more than pleasure the proud thrill of triumph with which he first outstripped his fellows in some daring feat; such as stemming successfully the rushing torrent, or climbing far out on the very topmost bough of a waving oak, where none of his companions dared to follow? And the man who plunges headlong into the fiercest shock of battle, or raises his proud arm in contention with the elements, is actuated by the same motives, and experiences the same wild joy, that animates the ardent school-boy. O Pleasure! thou fickle phantom of the pursuing heart, they have never drained the foaming cup of thy delirious bliss who have not faced the destroying angel in some one of his legion forms.

So the night wore slowly away, the gale gradually decreasing in violence, until it was but a moderate breeze; but the commotion of the lake was such that we did not dare to alter our course, but stood directly out into the lake, although we reduced the canvas as much as was practicable with a perfect control of our movements.

At last a few faint streaks of gray in the east announced the near approach of day. The skipper, Ned and Kate, were in the fore-castle, laughing and talking around our little lamp; and the savory odor of steaming coffee gave token that Kate had also put our little stove in requisition.

Alice had preferred remaining without, as the strange gurgle of the water and the uneasy motion of the boat in that pent-up place inspired her with dread. She had seated herself on the thwart next me, with my warm coat wrapped about her, and whiled away the hours in desultory conversation. I was stiff and sore with the exhausting efforts I had undergone, and as soon as the gale had sufficiently died away to admit of steering with less exertion, I was glad to change my upright posture for a seat beside her. Weary and wet, at last she fell into a quiet and refreshing slumber, reclining unconsciously against my shoulder. Poor girl! this was to her a new and strange existence, and the excitement and exposure of the preceeding hours might have worn out many a less delicate frame than hers. I thought, as I looked down upon her fair young face, with the damp, disordered curls floating languidly back from her pure brow, and streaming over the white shoulders peering timidly out from the rough pea-jacket, that I had never beheld any thing half so fair, and I inwardly prayed that this might not be a type of her voyage over the stormy ocean of life. Sleep, the blessed angel, around the pure-hearted weaves a strange spell of innocent loveliness that makes the plainest features beautiful—beautiful in their calm and quiet repose, if nothing more; and his subtle fingers had wrought a smile upon the curtain of her thoughts.

When it was fairly day-light, I put the little craft about, and ran directly before the wind in the direction of Grand River, the bold sand-

hills at its entrance being just visible above the horizon. The skipper came out and relieved me from my watch, the reef in the main-sail was shaken out, and we sped merrily over the unquiet waters. I then retired with Alice to the fore-castle, to partake of some excellent coffee, and have a chat with Ned and his pretty partner.

Kate was looking a little sober, and handed us the beverage with a look of demure thoughtfulness that I could not avoid smiling at; while Ned was the perfect picture of good nature, joking and laughing, and snapping his fingers in great glee. At last, as if to punish him for one of his most wicked sallies, a sudden lurch of the boat caused Kate to spill some hot coffee on his knees as she was handing my cup to me; and his violent start of sudden pain only had the effect to bring his head in contact with the foot of the mast, against which he was leaning, with a violence that made it tremble. Throwing up his hand suddenly, to rub the contused phrenological developments, he upset the cup of Alice, bringing a fresh deluge upon his devoted neck and shoulders. The grimaces and contortions of the poor fellow under this triple infliction were really pitiful, but they afforded an excellent opportunity for a laugh at his expense for the ensuing half-hour. Although he took it all in good part, it was plainly evident that he did not more than half believe in the genuineness of the accident, for he did not venture to be very witty again in some time without a furtive glance at the two girls, to see if their cups were freshly full.

We reached Grand Haven at seven o'clock, whereupon our passengers repaired to the dwelling of a friend, and the skipper and myself to the hotel, to sleep off the fatigues of the night and prepare for the coming ball, which was a glorious affair, and will no doubt be long remembered with pleasure by the Terpsichorean damsels of the place. Our return to White Lake was, however, excessively dull, although we carried a full cargo beside our passengers.

At this place we hauled out our craft and re-painted her. Some three weeks after, when we entered the port of Muskegon, the skipper's grandmother 'allowed' that THE STORM was a 'nicer machine' than the Little Nell; but in spite of our assertions, she continued to asseverate that she 'knew that ar yaller fly the minnit she sot eyes on it, and she reckoned Johnny had saved it when he swopped boats, out o' respect to his gramma.'

There was a wedding at White Lake on the ensuing Christmas.

New-York, October 25, 1852.

MENTAL BEAUTY.

I.

THE shape above let others prize,
The features of the fair;
I look for spirit in her eyes,
And meaning in her air.

II.

A damask cheek, an ivory arm,
Shall ne'er my wishes win;
Give me an animated form,
That speaks a mind within.

III.

A face where lawful honor shines,
Where sense and sweetness move,
And angel-innocence refines
The tenderness of love.

IV.

These are the soul of Beauty's frame,
Without whose vital aid
Unfinished all her features seem,
And all her roses dead. 'AFTERSIDE'

S O M E G E R M A N S O N G S .

BY DONALD MACLEOD.

D E A T H - S O U N D S .

I. SERENADE.

'WHAT music wakes me from my sleep,
 So pleasant and so light?
 O mother, darling, see who sings
 So late into the night.'

'Naught do I hear or see; then sink
 Back to thy slumber mild.
 None brings thee now a serenade,
 poor sick little child.'

'No, 't is not earthly music which
 So fills me with delight;
 The angels call me with their songs —
 O mother dear, good night!'

II. THE ORGAN.

'MY good old neighbor, wake once more
 The organ's solemn strain;
 See if that holy melody
 Can stir my heart again.'

The sick girl prayed; the old man played:
 So played he ne'er before;
 So pure, so glorious that he knew
 His own old strain no more.

It was a newer, holier swell;
 He saw, not unafraid,
 That though his hands might seek the keys,
 Yet angel-fingers played.

III. THE THROSTLE.

'BEAR me out to the garden bowers:
 I'll rest the summer long,
 If once more 'mid the clustering flowers
 I hear the throstle's song'

They brought the throstle to the child,
 But still its head it hung
 Silent and sad within the cage,
 But not a note it sung.

Then lifts the child an earnest look
 With glances that implore:
 It sings — her eyes flash full of light,
 And close for evermore.

LUDWIG UHLAND.

S T R A Y L E A V E S

FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF A GEORGIA LAWYER (IN WASHINGTON CITY).

I REMEMBER very well once coming from one of the halls of Congress, after having listened attentively to a debate which commenced on the 'Annexation of Cuba,' and ended on 'Progress.' The last speaker, a Senator from Kentucky, had entered into a discursive lecture upon the various kinds of progress going on upon the face of the earth, and some of his statements had made a lasting impression upon me. His oft-repeated query, 'What is progress?' haunted my ears, and followed me to my hotel; and as I entered my chamber in the evening twilight, I flung myself in an arm-chair before the bright fire, and repeated aloud: 'What is progress?'

And then I went off into a deep reverie. All my early life flashed back upon my mental vision: the beautiful scenes of my young childhood; the tender care of my gentle mother—one 'whose womb never bore me, and whose breasts never gave me suck,' and yet whose fostering love rescued me from an untimely grave, and strewed the sweetest blossoms of affection and happiness across my path; of my noble-hearted father, with his glowing genius, and his unconquerable humor; of my dear brother, whose death flung such a pall upon my life; of the little rose-buds that sprung up beside me, and which the angel Death broke from their parent stem ere they had unfolded, leaving that stem a withered and a drooping plant. 'And are all these passed away?' I said, 'and is this *progress*? These gray hairs gathering upon my brow; this sadness settling upon my heart; this weariness intruding itself upon my limbs: is this 'progress'? If it be, I want none of it. I would rather be the dull weed that rots on Lethe's shore. Oh for my happy boyhood again! Oh for a draught of the fountain of eternal youth!'

'You may have it if you will!' answered a soft, sweet voice beside me.

I looked up in amazement, for I had scarcely known that I had spoken aloud. I felt ashamed of my absence of mind, for I ought to have remembered that there was no privacy in Washington life, and no security from impertinent intrusions, except by bolted doors.

'Pardon me,' continued my visitor, 'but I have unintentionally overheard your soliloquy; and I repeat, you may have it if you will. It is at my command. But listen to me first, and then decide; for know, that the draught once quaffed, its effect cannot be recalled; and the youth you long after will be yours for ever. Time itself will grow old; generation after generation will spring up around you, mature, wither, and pass away; but the bloom of eternal youth will be upon you, and though you long for the rest of death as ardently as the lover for the affection of his mistress, it will not, cannot come to you. Will you have it upon these terms?'

He stood quietly before me, awaiting my answer. He was a young man, apparently not over twenty-five years old, with a fine manly coun-

tenance, in the bloom of health and vigor, but with a shade of sorrow upon his brow.

‘And who are you,’ asked I, ‘that offer so generously so rich a boon? You had better retain it,’ I added incredulously, ‘that you may preserve your own youth and manliness.’

‘Alas!’ he said, ‘I need it not for any such purpose. I have already tasted its waters, and I can never put aside its effects until the end of all things is at hand. More than two centuries have already passed over my head, and I long for the rest of the grave; but ah! its shadows come not to me. As wave after wave of the human ocean has rolled up with its beauty and its majesty, with its tide of human sympathy and mortal affection, I have sought to linger upon its summit, but it has glided from beneath me and passed away, leaving me to repeat the same effort with each succeeding wave, and with the same vain result. I have no one that I care for; even when my heart clings to some fleeting object, it is torn quickly from its hold, leaving that heart to weep tears of blood: the sweet consciousness of having some one who will mourn my fate when I die, is not for me. I have no hope; and even the excitement of fear is denied to me. Oh cursed hour, when I quaffed the waters of that life-giving fountain! when I put an end to all human sympathy, and left myself an isolated wretch, with this mockery of perpetual bloom upon my cheek, and this reality of perpetual sorrow upon my heart!’

‘But who are you, and how did you obtain it? and how is it, that while you have been unable to give it to those you loved, you now offer it to a mere stranger?’

‘Listen to me, and I will tell you. I was born —— But there is the sound of your supper-gong: I will tell you hereafter.’

There was the sound of the gong, sure enough, but where was the man? I looked about in vain for him, but either he had vanished quickly, or he was but the creature of my dreams. *Quien sabe?* If he were born of that deep reverie, his paternity must be traced either to that Kentucky senator, with his oft-repeated query, or to the soft and wooing influences of that luxurious chair, and that cheerful fire. Again I say, *Quien sabe?* But he was gone, and he came no more, although, half-doubtfully, half-laughingly, I waited for him in the dim twilight. And again a deep reverie came upon me, but this time it was the sober, second thought of practical reason.

‘And *this* is ‘progress,’ I said: ‘to walk humbly and cheerfully in the path of God’s providence; to scatter the blessings which He puts within our hands to the poor and wounded He has placed around us; to drop the tear upon the blossom which He plucks from our bosom: the tear of sorrow for our deep affliction; the tear of hope and joy for the blessed assurance that it is transplanted to a lovelier bower, where it will continue to unfold in an eternal sunshine; to scan the map of life which He has spread before us, and to teach to our fellow-mortals the many brilliant lessons we may learn, if we will; to continue to develop our faculties and our usefulness, with our eyes steadily fixed upon a brighter land; and then, when Time steals from us our energies and our wisdom, to let our soul’s progress still be upward, until death releases it from its fleshly tabernacle, leaving it to soar to that realm where only the fountain of

perpetual youth bubbles up, and where the 'spiritual body' shall continue to 'progress' through the endless cycles of eternity, gathering new strength and new beauty on its onward march.

PERHAPS there is no part of the earth where more ludicrous scenes take place than in Washington. The gathering together of people from all parts of the world, the varied interests, and the numberless claimants, all help to form grotesque incidents, which, if they could be skilfully combined by a master hand, would create a soul under the ribs of death. Having neither the time nor the ability, I will only mention one. There is in the Senate a gentleman of distinguished talent, of fine personal appearance, and of inimitable wit. On one windy morning, he was wending his way through a by-street, when a gust blew off his hat. It had scarcely touched the ground before a huge Newfoundland dog pounced upon it, and ran away, bearing it as a trophy. The senator, unwilling to part so summarily with his new beaver, pursued the felon, and the scene became highly exciting to the people of the metropolis, who, delighted with any incident that could give amusement, were thrown into perfect ecstasies of joy at seeing the race between the dog and the senator; the one plunging at his utmost speed, with the hat between his teeth, and the other, his long hair streaming in the wind, and his stentorian voice making the air discordant with a multitude of fierce entreaties and impressive threats, pursuing with frantic strides the catiff quadruped. Finding that his biped antagonist was gaining upon him, the thief fled into an open door, and in too went his pursuer. The dog dashed up a flight of stairs, and up dashed the senator. The dog fled into a chamber, and there too ran the avenger; and there they both encountered a beautiful girl, who was just robing herself at her morning toilette, and who was scarcely in a condition to receive so unexpected a visit.

'What do you want, you wretch?' said the lady, with flashing eye and indignant scowl, to the senator.

'My hat!' answered the somewhat affrighted but still determined intruder; 'my hat, which your rascally dog has stolen from me!'

'I believe that dog is Satan!' muttered the lady; and then fiercely added to the dog: 'Give him his hat, Sir!' which the quadruped instantly obeyed. 'And now be off with you, you pack of fiends!' (to the dog and to the senator;) and rushing at them, they both fled down the stairs in congenial terror, forgetting in their present panic their former difference. The crowd in the street received them with three hearty cheers, and the honored representative of a noble State went home with his rescued chapeau in his hand, (to guard against a repetition of the direful occurrence,) but with a more humble and subdued spirit than ever before had throbbed within his bosom.

'I have learned a lesson,' he said, when he had reached home, and wiped his brow; 'two, I may say. One is, to hold on to my hat of a windy day; the other, and more important, is, never, under any circumstances, to rush into a room where a lady is dressing; for of all the fierce volcanoes that Nature ever produced, the most terrific is an angry woman!'

Why, (added he, with an impressive gesture, and a slightly-subdued expletive,) there was lightning sufficient in that girl's eyes to have furnished the material for a dozen tropical storms, and enough left over for a brilliant aurora-borealis !'

But the story lacks the mingled tone of fun and of terror which the hero gives it, and which is so provocative of mirth, that one of the most distinguished and lamented statesmen of our land, whenever he heard it, or it came back to his recollection, would give way to uncontrollable laughter, even when the heavy hand of disease had grasped his form—a grasp that was never relaxed until the victim slept in death !

Washington City, December 28, 1852.

T H E W I N D : A F R A G M E N T .

BY J. H. WILSON.

FROM what high region hast thou come, O Wind!
 Thou hast such chilliness upon thy breath?
 Hast kissed an iceberg on the seas, or slept
 An hour upon some mountain's brow, where dwell
 Perpetual snows? What region gave thee birth?
 The topmost peak of Andes? or of Alps?
 Or farther east, Himalaya, upon
 Whose loftiest height no living thing can move,
 Where but to be were instant death to man,
 Such constant cold is ever reigning there?
 Canst thou not tell me of the many things
 That thou hast met in wandering over Earth?
 The wonders of the mountains?—of the seas,
 Or deserts wide?—for thou hast seen them all,
 And paused to sun thyself in pleasant vales.

Where dost thou sleep, O Wind! on summer noons,
 When not a motion of thy breath is visible?
 When aspens quiver not; when in the field
 Not one rye-stalk doth bow its head to thee,
 Nor blade of grass? When o'er the quiet lake
 No ripple moves, or shade of passing clouds,
 Dost thou as summer flowers enjoy the sun,
 And like a god, art sleeping on some hill?
 Canst thou propitiated be by gifts
 Of human hands? Was it for this they raised,
 In ancient Greece, a temple to the Winds?
 Lo! thou of all the things, to which mankind
 In ages past have bowed, wert worthiest
 Of love, and praise, and offerings from their hands!
 For thou alone art typical of God,
 Invisible, omnipotent in might,
 And movest over land and sea as once
 The Spirit of the Lord moved o'er the deep.

Lo! thine the gift is of perpetual youth;
 Nor art thou older now than when thou play'dst

Amid the orange-groves of Solomon,
Or kissed the cheek of Eve in Paradise.
How frolicsome art thou in merry Spring,
And joyous as a lamb upon the hill!
Then Earth enrobes herself in tresses gay,
And thou dost tend upon her all the way,
Blowing the bursting buds to tender leaves,
And from the ocean waves upon thy wings
Thou bearest water for the mountain rills,
Or gatherest up the dew-drops from the grass,
The forest leaves, and from the flowers that deck
The vale at morn, and lift their pouting lips
Unto the sun, from climbing vines, from hills,
And mountain-brows: and those sad tears we weep
At midnight, bending o'er a dying friend;
Or those some mother sheds upon the grave
Where but a month ago they laid her son;
And tears that maidens weep on moon-light eves
O'er tales of high romance, or fairy-land,
For UNA's sake, or for some prince forlorn,
Left desolate within a tower, where all
Night long unearthly sounds fill the wild air,
Loud clanking chains, sepulchral voices low,
Imaginary sounds that make us fear,
Such as the Siren FANCY with her wand
Brings from the bosom of the dark-browed Night.
Thou art no scorner, for thou gatherest up
The tears that fall from off the poor man's lids,
And from the rich, and hanged them side by side,
Within the golden bow. Thou art a friend
Unto the sorrowful as well as gay,
And playest with the hair of her who sits
In tattered garb beside her humble cot,
As with the raven locks of some high dame
That twines the jessamine 'round her palace door.

Thou art alike unmerciful: unto
The dust of kings, of conqueror, or saint,
Of beauty's magic form that ruled men's hearts,
As to the vilest Ethiop's, that bowed
His knee in servitude: thou sweepest them
As one across the continents and sea,
And giv'st them to the mighty woods,
The lovely flowers, or to the loathsome weeds,
Unmindful whence the source from which they came.
Sometimes thou movest over earth, so light
Of foot, so languidly, thou couldst not break
The smallest spider thread. But other times
Thou hast a giant's strength, to bend the oak
As one would bend a bow; or else in wrath
To toss great ships upon the sharp-edged rocks.

Sometimes thy fingers free the avalanche
From its poised point, until with giant-bounds
It comes into the plain beneath, leaping
Through woods of pine upon the mountain's side,
As when in Hindostan through jungles leaps
The lion on his prey.

And when for days the sun has scorched the earth,
And all are fainting in his piercing heat,

I've seen thee springing up, a harbinger
Of change, a bringer of soft dewy showers,
As thou of yore didst bring to ISRAEL,
In times of great distress and scorching heat,
When from the mountain-brow ELIAH saw
Upon the far horizon, guided by
Thy power, a cloud that seemed no larger than
A hand when first it came in sight, but which
Rolled up the sky, and freshened all the land.

God maketh thee His instrument, and thine the task,
From century to century, to blow
Thy arid breath 'round Babylonian plains,
And Nineveh, and great Persepolis,
And ancient Tyre; so that no living man
Doth dwell where once those famous cities stood,
Save when some wandering Arab spreads his tent
To pass the night, and at the coming dawn
Resumes his journey through the wilderness.

So thou dost work a curse on Egypt's lands:
As when in days of old upon thy wings
The locusts came, consuming every herb,
And fruitful tree, and flower, and opening bud,
From year to year thou sweetest now o'er her
Destroying sands; her richest soils become
A waste. In time the wilderness will spread
From broad Atlantic to Pacific's coast,
A desert now, inhabited by sands alone;
And they who travel there will search in vain
For sight of tomb, or monumental work.
The Pyramids and Sphinx, half buried now,
Will crumble down: no token left to tell
Where CHEOPS built his tomb. Thus buried lie
The famous cities of her ancient state,
Memphis, and Thebes, where mighty temples stood,
That held the records of the elder world,
Creation, and the deluges of Earth,
Wherein the priests mysterious rites performed,
And taught their neophytes an inner sense
To such belief as ruled the populace.
Amid their streets long rows of sphinxes stood,
And alabaster obelisks, whereon
Recording hieroglyphics were engraved.
Yet naught is left to tell where once they stood,
Save when some Arab digging through the sand
Strikes on a temple roof, and mining down,
Clears for himself a subterranean home.

And in the great Saharan desert wide,
Thine is the power to stir the dread simoom
That buries at sad whiles whole caravans
Of pilgrims that on yearly journeys go,
From Barbary unto the Prophet's tomb;
Or merchantmen, that on their camels bring
From Araby the Blest their stores of myrrh,
Frankincense, and other the like costly gifts
Or precious relics as the Turkish lords
Of Tunis or of Tripolis may buy.

Contes des Comtesses :

OR, TALES OF COUNTESSSES.

BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

THE VENGEANCE OF LOLA MONTEZ.

*‘Frauen und Jung frauen soll man loben,
Es sei wahr oder erlogen.’*

BE it a falsehood, or be it all true,
Speak well of a woman, whatever you do.

FRAUEN GUNST, WAR NIE UMSUNST—‘The good opinion of a lady was never valueless.’ This saying, O reader, is worth remembering! It would have been well for the HERR VON PLÖTZ had he not forgotten it.

The Herr von Plötz!—It may be, O reader, that thou knowest not his name! For many there be, of high and low degree, whom I have met walking to and fro over this green and beautiful earth, who knew not the Herr von Ploetz; yea, and went down to their graves as only the good go, under rose-wood counterpanes, with the date on silver coffin-plates, who had passed their allotted spans in gentle, child-like ignorance of such an individual. But among the number I cannot include many of the residents in the city of Munich in the year eighteen hundred and forty-seven, for they were all, as things went, pretty generally acquainted with him, and knew that he corresponded for the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, of Augsburg, chronicling in that great German journal much of the social small-beer, literary large turnips, and political small potatoes of the day.

He was short in stature, peaceable of disposition, extremely *fat*, and greatly beloved. And I rejoice amazingly when I reflect that he actually ate, drank, wrote, waddled about, lived, moved, and had his being in Munich. For had I proceeded to accurately describe him, you would have called *me* a plagiarist from Cervantes, and accused me of resurrectionizing Sancho Panza.

Now it came to pass, that in those days Lola Montez arose, and was sent unto Munich, not of her own will, but to work out that of Destiny. And when Von Ploetz had heard this, he mended his pen—though not his manners—and exclaiming:

*‘Every day cometh something new,
But seldom any thing good or true.’*

wrote down the following item of news for the paper, which was duly published and eventually paid for. [And his pen trembled with delight, his soul thrilled with rapture, his eyes expanded with joy, and his pulse went pit-a-pat with pleasure at being the first to communicate the intelligence:]

‘To-day THE NOTORIOUS LOLA MONTEZ has arrived in Munich!’

Unfortunate Von Ploetz! Better for thee had it been hadst thou never

learned to write! Better, far better, hadst thou never become a correspondent! But best, far best, hadst thou remembered the Italian rhyme:

' Parla poco, ascolto assai, e non fallirai!'

He that hears much, nor reports it at all,
Shall be welcomed in parlor, in kitchen and hall.

'Morn rose and fell' upon the city of Munich. Buds ripened into flowers, and flowers to fruit. Minutes expanded into hours, while hours elongated into days, and all swam forth on the chequered tide of Time into the miscellaneous chaos of Eternity. With the flood swam Lola, and a very good swim she made of it, too, in the good graces of King Ludwig. She put no faith in that wicked verse of Ovid's; that verse which, like so many others, only tends to give a bad opinion of human nature, and harden hearts naturally gentle and confiding:

' Turpe senex miles, turpe senilis amor.'

Which means that an '*old soger*' is a hard case, and that the friendly regards of an old gentleman ar n't worth having. 'Nay,' said she, (or might have said,) speaking in one of her numerous native languages:

*' Mas vale viejo que me honre
Que galán que me assombre.'*

It is better to be the privy-counsellor of a good old king, than be loved by some young fool who would abuse me! (A literal translation: and where, think ye, did I learn the original?)

Now, among Herr von Plötz's peculiarities, the most peculiar was that of being *ein guter Gesellschafter*; which means, 'good company' and a first-rate diner-out. For his good-nature was incredible, his appetite invincible, his thirst unquenchable, and his budget of odds and ends inexhaustible. Nor was he without talent, having written '*Der Verwünschte Prinz*,' or 'The Enchanted Prince,' one of the most amusing and popular modern German romantic comedies. Every body knew Ploetz, he dined every where; Count Seinsheim patronized him, all the world invited him. Had he lived one hundred years ago, he would have made a flourishing French abbé.

O thou unfortunate Ploetz! how gladly would I turn aside the fearful decree of Fate which I even now perceive hanging like a thunderbolt over thy devoted head! How gladly would I annul the past, and thus prevent the future catastrophe whither my pen even now tends. But it may not be! Solemnly, darkly, deeply, sternly, irrevocably, like the awful Destiny of the ancient Greek drama, it comes rolling on, overwhelming in its majesty! tremendous in its power!!—THE REVENGE OF LOLA MONTEZ!!!

QUICKLY and briskly, Louis the Poet-king rushed through the streets of his German Athens. His coat, restrained only by the upper button, streamed horizontally behind him; and so rapid was his pace, that had a volume of his own poems been placed on those skirts, it would not have fallen off. Bob, bob, bob went his head, right and left, to the passing salutations of his subjects; while his great eyes glared like those of Mel-

moth the Wanderer on all countervailing objects. Among these objects was the Herr von Ploetz. Twisting around his head, and with that impetuous rapidity which distinguished his regal style of address from that of other mortals, the monarch exclaimed :

‘Good day, Herr von Ploetz; call on Lola; take dinner; Countess of Landsfeldt; adieu!’

And with the last word, he was already a hundred furlongs distant.

Was it a dream? Could it be true? Was it some subjective imagining, developed from the transcendental depths of his German ‘moral consciousness’? Was he *verhext*, or bewitched? Was he *Der Verwunschene Ploetz*, and, like his own princely hero, enchanted? Lola! soup! wine! roast and boiled! the king! And yet it must be true! *Here* was the Ludwig’s-strasse, *there* was the Opera-house. Over the way was Kaiser’s book-store, and in the door-way he could even perceive Meister Karl looking on. And far, far in the distance, vanishing as he went, was the figure of His Majesty, *Ludwig der Aesthetiker*!

Infatuated Ploetz! what demon was it that then whispered in thine ear: ‘Go! *‘ein gutes Mahl ist henkenswerth’*—a good dinner is worth a halter.’ And with Lola, too. What dishes—save, indeed, chafing dishes—couldst thou expect of her? Hadst thou never heard the couplet:

‘Grossen Herren und schoenen Frauen
Soll man wohl dienen, dochwenig trauen,’

Mighty lords and ladies fair
Should be obeyed, but trusted ne’er.

Or didst thou hope, with that smooth tongue of thine, to come it over Lola, cause her to forget the ‘*notorious*,’ and blind her completely? Ah, Ploetz! Ploetz!

‘Quien el diablo ha de engañar
De mañana se ha de levantar,’

He who the devil would fain deceive,
Must rise right early, I well believe.

Yes, Ploetz went—and dined. And many days rolled over this great dumpling which men call the world, and each said in silver tones to its successor: ‘I have seen Ploetz calling on the Countess!’ *Every day!*

‘Wer etwas will gelten
Der komme selten.’

‘He who would pass for something, should call seldom.’ Believe me when I say, that hospitality should never be too severely taxed, for ’t is ill work to over-drive a willing horse; and ‘never be a guest for more than nine, or less than three days.’ Alas! the only philosophical reflection which occurred to Ploetz was, that while the pot boils friendship blooms.

And now a dark, wild change steals o’er the fair landscape of the Herr von Ploetzian vision. The sun of Lola’s favor still gilds with flashing refulgence the plate and china, but there is in its radiance a touch of fire infernal. How transient is earthly happiness, and with what remarkable dexterity does the pea of prosperity vanish beneath the thimble of destiny!

‘Glueck und Glas!
Wie bald brich’ das!’

‘Fortune and glass
Soon break and pass.’

'For there's no trustin' these here princes,' as the London tailor said when he sent the bill with the pants to Louis Napoleon. Their love and their good-will, and their 'inwites' out to dine, are all variableness and the shadow of turning.

'PRINCES' favor, April weather,
Ladies' love, a floating feather,
Luck at cards, or game with dice,
Ever alter in a trice.*

Yet once again, and Ploetz was invited to sup with Marie, Lola Montez, Countess of Landsfeldt. Never had he been in better appetite; never had the dishes been so good, the wines so delicate, the weather so agreeable, or the lady so fascinating. And Ploetz ate. Ate like a ploughman, ate like a dragon, ate like the devil. And still Lola with fine-drawn fascination led him on, provoking and titillating at every instant his ready appetite with new dainties. At last —

Changing her mien into the vindictive passion of a veritable fiend incarnate, and smiling as only a fiend or a woman can smile when an old enemy has been remarkably well taken in, Lola glided up to Herr von Ploetz, and spreading before his astonished eyes an old newspaper, said:

'Read that!'

Ploetz read — read the paragraph which our readers have also perused, announcing the arrival in Bavaria of '*the notorious Lola Montez*.' Need we describe his feelings? Need we describe the hurried and fluent apologies which, with the tact of an old diner-out, he so readily poured forth? With three words Lola stopped them all, exclaiming:

'You are poisoned!'

'What!' gasped Herr von Ploetz, '*p-p-poisoned!*'

'Yes,' replied Lola ferociously, 'poisoned with every thing. Arsenic; hydrocyanic, crotonic, and oxalic acids; belladonna and stramonium; laudanum, sour-kroust, and lager-bier, with all other deadly articles known to modern chemistry, are at present struggling for mastery in your wretched frame. And now — ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho! — I am revenged! Die, wretch, *die!*'

Without a word, the hapless Ploetz sank back upon the sofa. Up-gurgled from his throat one fearful sound:

'Gu, gu, goo, oo, oo, guggle, uggie — ooh!' Ploetz thought that it was his own death-rattle —

But it was n't!

Let me draw a charitable veil over the fearful sight which followed. A dreadful thunder-storm, which arose at this instant, lent a dire horror to the scene. Need I describe the wrath and imprecations of Lola, the awful roar of the thunder, the pattering of the rain, and the dying groans of the poor Von Ploetz? For the *groans* did indeed die, one by one — as groans usually do. But Ploetz *lived*, after enduring an immortal agony for about two hours. For at the expiration of that time, Lola, moved with compassion, graciously granted him a little milk and some warm water.

O reader! if it was necessary to draw a veil over the two hours' agony of Ploetz, what sort of double-quilted drapery should we now cast over

* DAS LALLENBUCH, chapter iv.

the emetical scene which followed? Suffice it to say, that Ploetz lived; lived to rid his system of that enormous quantity of poisons with which he had *not* been dosed; lived to write new letters and eat new dinners; lived, I trust, to learn that, right or wrong, women should only be well spoken of; lived, in fine, to suggest by his story the following moral, written lang syne by great Saint Augustine:

'Crede mihi, si totum cælum esset papyrus, et totum mare atramentum, et omnes stellæ pennæ, et omnes angeli scribentes, non possent describere astutiam mulierum.' 'Believe me, that if all the heaven was paper, and all the sea ink, all the stars pens, and all the angels scribes, they could not describe the craftiness of women.'

And as it is usual, reader, to conclude tragic entertainments with a farce, let us wind up this narration with a merry pasquinade, which was found one morning attached to the door of the palace of the King of Bavaria:

'UN jour LOLA,
Bel oiseau, s'envola
Vers un pays cheri de LOYOLA.
Elle trouva là
Un roi poète, et puis le cajola,
Et de caresses l'accabla.

'Du roi la tête se troubla:
Il affubla LOLA
Dans un beau falbala
Des titres, des bijoux — en veux tu? — les voilà!

'Le ministère s'assembla,
Et voulut chasser LOLA,
Mais c'est lui qu'on exila.
La cour béla:

'Le bourgeois beugla;
On siffla LOLA;
On persiffla le roi, holà! — Malgré cela,
LOLA est toujours là,
Et puis, voilà!
Vive le roi, LOLA, et LOYOLA!'

So much, O reader! for my story — so much for the song.

IN Munich first I heard the tale,
And afterward from LOLA MONTEZ:
I tell you this that you may know
I got it from the *rerum fontes*.

QUAINT LINES.

BY THOMAS WATSON.

WHEN will the fountain of my tears be dry?
When will my sighs be spent?
When will desire agree to let me die?
When will thy heart relent?

It is not for my life I plead,
Since death the way to rest doth lead;
But stay for thy consent,
Lest thou be discontent.

For if myself without thy leave I kill,
My ghost will never rest;
So hath it sworn to work thine only will,
And holds that ever best.

For since it only lives by thee,
Good reason thou the ruler be:
Then give me leave to die,
And show thy power thereby.

THE DEATH OF DANIEL WEBSTER

BY MARY.

A GREAT soul passing! — earth is weeping,
Angels with joy await;
To them it is not death, but sleeping,
Opening the golden gate!

An eye of mesmeric power is closing;
Rapt senates may not wait
For the majestic form, reposing
In earth's most mighty state.

The God-like mind untiring,
In its onward, upward path,
Will cease not its aspiring
In the light of perfect faith.

A nation's brightest star is setting
In light serenely fair,
GRAY's Elegy his last thoughts asking,
Then seeking God in prayer.

A sable veil is gently flowing
Upon a Nation's heart:
From a rare gift of God's bestowing
They're called upon to part.

A mighty intellect is fading
Away from mortal sight,
A giant mind is shading
From us its gorgeous light.

The vital spark, in its ascending,
Hath sought its fountain-head;
A glorious light it still is lending
To dust that else were dead.

He 'lives!' we feel the strong pulsations
Of his inward life and light;
He 'lives!' and unto future nations,
For him there is no night.

With his senatorial robes wrapped round him,
We gaze upon the massive brow,
Whose diadem of thought hath crowned him
Immortal, even now!

'Tis fit, when autumn leaves are falling,
And autumn skies are gray,
That with the voice of Nature calling,
The 'God-like' pass away.

Brooklyn-Heights, October 25, 1852.

A TRIP TO THE VIRGINIA SPRINGS.

BY VIATOR.

XX.

THE SWEET AND THE RED SWEET SPRINGS.

'SHALL we go to the Blue Sulphur?'

'Oh no,' said the invalids, one of whom had been there on a former trip. 'It is a beautiful spot, with the blue flowers around the fount: and they live there delightfully — such pastry and good things! But it is a long ride, and somewhat out of our way. Let us turn our face homeward.'

So we entered the stage; and, going first to Union, turned off from the 'pike' and started for the Sweet Springs, distant from the Salt twenty-two miles. The road is rather rough, but there is some variety on the route, and the small mills and manufactories have an air of Yankee thrift about them, especially a blacksmith's shop whose bellows is made to work by means of a water-wheel of his own construction.

You first come to the Sweet Springs, and a mile farther, on the road to the White Sulphur, to the Red Sweet. The former is an old-established place of resort; the latter has been but recently brought into notice. They are both situated on the borders of the same stream, which meanders through a beautiful, romantic valley, and forms a number of water-falls and picturesque spots for pic-nics. The waters of the springs are substantially alike, except that the last-named has a little iron in one of the three fountains flowing from the base of a large rock, which gives just tinge enough to the sediment to justify the name of 'red.' They have no particular taste, unless it be a slight smack of carbonic acid gas which one sometimes detects when he imbibes a bubble. Thousands of bubbles of this gas are constantly chasing each other to the surface. The temperature is always about seventy-eight degrees, which is about that of the summer-streams in which we used to bathe when boys. The water is consequently not very agreeable to drink; but the plunge-baths (which are arranged much like those at the Warm Springs) are delightful; not, as there, enervating in their effects, but decidedly tonic. So clear is it, that on one occasion a person who had been in the habit of bathing at night, not observing that the water had been drawn off, jumped plump upon the gravelled bottom, some six feet from the stand, and nearly broke his legs, but was only too thankful to the PROVIDENCE that prompted him to jump instead of dive, in which last event he would have broken his neck.

Why the waters are called 'sweet' I cannot imagine, unless it be that the whole valley in which they are situated is particularly charming; and, being the last of the mountain-group at which the visitor from the East usually spends any time, all parties are better acquainted than at other places where they have previously met; there is less stiffness, more

gayety; the ladies' smiles seem sweeter; and the exhilaration of spirits produced by the delightful baths bring about a sweetness of temper: every thing, in fact, makes association with these waters sweet. At the Red Sweet every thing is fresh, and new, and cozy; a neat white frame hotel, and tasteful cottages. At the old Sweet, things are on a more grand and pretending scale, but very rusty withal. A huge brick hotel, built in the days of speculation, with three grand porticoes connecting with each other by platforms, reminding one of a lunatic asylum or a state-house; but it is unfinished, although the mutton and other condiments taste none the worse because the rooms in which you eat are lathed, not plastered. There is a large and convenient common-parlor opening on one side into the dining-room, and the other into a spacious ball-room. The grounds are nearly if not quite equal in extent to those of the White Sulphur, and scattered over them, without much regard to arrangement, are numerous cottages, sadly in want of paint and repairs.

The fact is, the whole concern has long been in chancery, and is only leased from year to year by the officers of the court; but as I write I learn that there is some hope of its soon being sold, and having an owner who will feel it to be for his interest to make extensive improvements, plant more trees, lay out more walks, and thus add to the attractions of a spot the waters of which are invaluable.

XXI.

DECIDEDLY GAY.

Most of those we had met at other springs preceded us here, and we found every body ready for all kinds of sport. There were many Virginians, all the leading public men assembled in view of the approaching conventions at Staunton; old planters, all full of conversation, and ready for sport. Under the shed in front of the bath-house, where the fountain is from which they drink the waters, you would every morning find assembled a group of ex-governors, judges, Congressmen, and untitled gentlemen, discussing agriculture, politics, and sporting, enlivened with many a racy anecdote. Occasionally some ladies returning from a walk would stop to take a glass, and the gentlemen would try their skill

‘A DIPPER of water so quickly to snatch,
That from it the fair one a bubble might catch.’

On one occasion, among the group of countrymen with flowers and game, and boys with maple-sugar, were two old hunters, one of whom had a quantity of game which he speedily disposed of to those who were desirous of extra dishes, and then pocketing his earnings, stretched himself on the grass to take his ease after his hunt, and looked on with apparent indifference at the chaffering of the second hunter, who was persuading gentlemen to take fifty-cent tickets in a shooting-match, the prize of which was to be a very fine bear-skin he carried. The terms were, that each was to have a shot by himself or a substitute for every ticket he held, and the owner of the skin was to reserve one shot for himself. The tickets were soon taken; and the owner of the skin led the way to an adjoining grove. A mark was fixed to a tree, and several shots fired with various success; and it began to be conceded on all sides

that if any one could beat the owner of the skin it must be Judge M., who had some reputation as a shot. Among the stragglers who followed the party up to the grove was the second hunter, who was standing near Judge M., and leaning on his rifle, an apparently indifferent spectator of the sport. Suddenly he called the Judge's attention to a spot on the tree, made by the removal of a limb, and levelling, planted a ball directly in the centre.

'Why, my good fellow, you seem to have some practice in this business. Suppose you take my place in the match, for your eyes are better than mine.'

The hunter consented; but his skill seemed to forsake him, and he left abundance of margin for the owner of the skin, who fired his reserved shot and came off victor, thus retaining his skin and making some five dollars beside.

'Devil!' said the Judge; 'I could have done better than that myself.'

'I dare say,' said the substitute. 'Why did n't you fire yourself?'

'Because I thought you would fire better.'

'I was n't in luck just then. Yer all looking at me kind o' made me nervous.' And saying this, he quietly pocketed two dollars and a half, handed over by the first hunter.

'But you seem to be in luck now. What does that mean?'

'Oh, him and me is partners!'

And then the two hunters very coolly shouldered rifles and bear-skin, and walked off, leaving the Judge to the comfortable reflection that he had been 'sold.'

There was a constant interchange of civilities between the visitors to the Sweet and the Red Sweet: on Tuesday a ball at the one, on Thursday a ball at the other. And there was more of beauty and youth, more decided life and fun, than had been seen any where else. The big parlor was a grand place for flirtations while it rained, (and it rained a great deal.) Mr. Sydney and Miss Dalton played chess incessantly. Williams and Miss C. promenaded the piazza, and occasionally peeped in to ask 'Who's beating?' of Mr. Larch and Mrs. C., who are rattling away at backgammon. In another corner of the parlor Mrs. Snubbs and a young moustachoeed beau, who has taken Mr. Easy's place, are playing whist against Mrs. Easy and that beau whom she picked up at the Salt. At the piano a group are collected around Miss Clara, who plays opera-music, ever and anon exchanging some speaking glance or meaning remark with the gentleman who turns over the leaves, Colonel Wilson. Mr. Easy flutters around the table where his wife sits, occasionally trying to joke, but with evident effort; Mrs. Snubbs wonders what can be the matter with him; and Mrs. Easy talks more than ever to her partner in the game, to the infinite delight of Mrs. Riverman, who sits by watching with much interest this game of 'Who shall be jealous?' In the centre of the room a group of children are playing all manner of fanciful games, while some of the younger ones, and conspicuous among them a little black-eyed boy, run around playing hide-and-seek among the groups of ladies and gentlemen who were seated or promenading in every direction. On the piazza stand or sit the smokers, reading the papers or talking. This is an after-dinner scene.

XXII.

THEY SAY.

THEY say that Mr. Snubbs has come. He dropped in one evening just as Mrs. S. was dancing a fandango with the moustachoeed gentleman before mentioned. He is a little, sharp, sedate-looking man; and as soon as his beloved wife saw him, she turned pale, and then became very loving and very quiet, taking long walks with him to show him the sights, ceasing all gayety. Her bevy of beaux, who had been each calculating on a nice intrigue, have scattered, and from being the most fascinating, she has become to their eyes a most common-place sort of a personage; and Snubbs, her husband, who has thus suddenly turned up, and whom every body thought a myth, is quite an object of curiosity. They say he has never been known to be with her at the Springs before, but he thought the money went rather fast, and would just take a look at the way it went. The ladies are all delighted. They say that Williams is engaged to Miss Cushing; and that old Larch is actually going to marry Mrs. C., whereat her daughter is greatly troubled, because the old lady has got all the money. They say Williams has been sick ever since he heard of this news. They say that Mr. and Mrs. Easy have had a regular flare-up, growing out of Easy's jealousy. The people in the next cabin heard him swearing about that gentleman she has been flirting with. She thrust Mrs. Snubbs in his teeth, and reminded him of some remark he had made, to the effect that one who truly loved could not be jealous; but there was a making up, and some kissing afterward, and this morning they are both off. They say that Sydney has engaged a seat in the same extra with Colonel Dalton's family, and is going to spend some weeks on his plantation, which looks, the ladies say, as if things were settled. They say Miss Clara likes Colonel Wilson, and so does the mother; but Mr. Riverman is very anxious to go home, and won't say yes or no.

XXIII.

THE FANCY-BALL.

WE had a fancy-ball, got up at four days' notice, during which interval all hands were busy making dresses. There was no grand theatrical wardrobe to draw upon, and no resource but what the ladies had in their trunks, and the calicoes and ribbons of the country-store. But it was all the merrier for that. A young gentleman personated old Mother Hubbard to perfection; there were ladies of the Louis Quatorze age; a man with his head turned round; Indians and hunters without end; a Chinaman; a Falstaff, and what not: and last, though not least, there were all the country-people gathered from miles around, in Sunday finery, to see the show. It was a fine moon-light evening, and I strolled out on to the piazza to hear the comments of these lookers-in at windows on the scene within.

'Haint she lovely?' said one, as the beautiful Mrs. Lamson of South Carolina passed.

'Deed she is; and how nice that are dress fits her. She's had two

tucks taken up on one side with that bit of ribbon; and that are part that hangs down is what they calls a train. And them's real diamonds she's got on her bussum.'

'Well, I never! Jest look, Miss Simmons, at that there calico skirt. How nice it matches to the waist! That Chinaman's got a queue made of pack-thread. Well, this 'oman's plenty tall, any how. Them ruffs stands out as ef they'd a pound o' starch: why, they're paper muslin, I declare!'

The last person commented on was Miss Cushing, who, costumed as Queen Elizabeth, walked majestically along, escorted by Mr. Williams, as Rob Roy.

I felt myself touched on the shoulder, and turning, beheld Mr. Gambeadle.

'I say, excuse me, but ain't that the lady he's engaged to — I mean Williams?'

'Yes.'

'Wall, I thought so. 'Twixt you and I, I reckon he would n't be sorry to get out of the scrape. I reckon you must have told him what I said at the White Sulphur, for he did n't darken our doors ag'in there, and became a perfect pattern of propriety. But scarcely had we moved our bank to this place before he gin us a call, and since he's been engaged to her, he's played more desperate than ever. I heard it said that he found the old lady'd got all the money, and he wanted to get off; but the colored gal says her mistress do n't seem to care now about his playing; she thinks she can cure him, and perhaps she thinks it's a sign he's got money. But no matter; 'taint none of my business.'

'Nor mine; so I'll go in to supper, Mr. Gambeadle.'

The ball lasted until three o'clock in the morning, and wound up with a grand supper of cold saddles of venison and mutton, piles of frosted sponge-cake and ice-cream, washed down with good punch and poor champagne; and when it was over, the season was voted at an end. The next day was devoted to packing and parting: crowded stages drove away, and the two or three hundred guests dwindled down to about fifty, who, as their numbers decreased, exerted themselves to be more merry.

XXIV.

A DEATH

BUT the merriment was soon changed to sadness. One who had been among the brightest and most attractive there, a lady from Virginia, retired to bed in perfect health, and was found dead the next morning. Words cannot describe the sensation produced next morning as it was told at the breakfast-table from one to another, 'Mrs. W. is dead!' The heart had apparently ceased to beat without one moment's warning, and there she lay, sleeping to appearance, but never to wake.

That was a solemn morning. People talked in low tones, and were more anxious to leave than ever. The coffin was brought to the parlor, where the service being read, we all walked in procession to the retired little grave-yard on the hill among the trees — a pleasant spot, where old monuments recorded the names of visitors to the springs who had

died many, many years ago, and where wild-flowers were growing in profusion; but it seemed very desolate, the idea of being buried so far away from home, where no friends could come and read your name and recall you to mind.

It was a sad conclusion to our many days of amusement and hilarity.

XXV.

CONCLUSION.

I WILL not weary the reader with an account of our return *via* the Natural Bridge, Staunton, (from which we took an excursion to Wier's Cave,) Charlottesville, and Acquia Creek.

Not long since, I saw in a paper the marriage of Sydney and Miss Dalton. I met the sharp Baltimore lawyer who was so knowing about Williams and Miss Cushing at the White Sulphur, who told me that Williams postponed the consummation of his happiness so long that Mother Cushing became alarmed, and informed him that Mr. Larch (who backed out of his bargain, after escorting them home) had been dismissed because she, Mrs. C., had expressed a determination to settle the bulk of her fortune on her dear daughter. This bait took. Williams married, and found that the fortune consisted of a mortgaged old farm and a few negroes, part of a stock which had been sold off to pay for trips to the springs. He is now a general agent in Washington, where his wife makes quite a show, and Mrs. Cushing manages the house. At Saratoga this summer I met Mr. Gambeadle, who told me that a branch of his establishment was opened in Washington last winter, where Williams occasionally 'gin us a call,' adding that 'he'd got his eye-teeth cut, and played with more care; seemed to have tolerable luck. And, by-the-by, I ollers thought that sending the colored gal to ask if he gambled was intended to reach his ears, jest to let him know what an interest she took in him: that's a kind of a way of taking young men in.'

Miss Clara is still single. Mr. Larch and Colonel Wilson are regular visitors. I think Clara is disposed to flirt a little with Larch, and has made her father believe that she rather likes him, which circumstance is in itself enough to make the old gentleman favor the suit of Colonel Wilson, as he always inclines to the weaker side. Beside, he says, what should his daughter marry an old bachelor for, who made such a fool of himself as to court old Mrs. Cushing?

So much for the Virginia Springs.

HOLLOW FRIENDSHIP.

THE great man down, (you mark,) his favorite flies;
The poor advanced makes friends of enemies:
And hitherto doth LOVE on FORTUNE tend:
For who not needs, shall never lack a friend:
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.

A B A L L A D O F L O V E .

BY MONUS

'THERE's a treasure I'm preserving,
 There's a secret I'm reserving,
 No man knows;
 But I'm sure there's one who guesses
 What my tell-tale look expresses,
 What my tell-tale eyes disclose.
 Only she and only I
 Must be nigh
 When the secret I unfold,
 By the old mill turned to gold
 In the sunset-sky;
 Where the ardent river rushes
 To the mill-stream's rapid race,
 And the summer foliage blushes
 In the autumn's first embrace.

'But not yet; youth's fitful feeling
 Cannot claim the real revealing:
 Time must show
 There is something holier, truer
 Than the love of school-boy wooer
 Can bestow.
 Now her beauty
 Calls from duty
 Thoughts maturer years will spurn,
 And her maiden heart will yearn
 For something higher,
 Love's real desire.
 Down then every heart-misgiving,
 In the future I am living,
 In the future, when this maiden,
 Now so fair with beauty laden,
 Is to me at last the real
 Of my longing life's ideal.

'Thus, while careless youth is growing
 And like morn to day is glowing
 Into power,
 Shall my heart control its beating,
 And its secret still secreting,
 Wait the hour;
 Nurtured by thy sweet remembrance,
 Seeing in all things thy resemblance,
 Gentle flower.
 Yet what brightness
 Bears a likeness
 Unto thee!
 Not like stars of poet's divining,
 Which the gaudy day denies,
 Is the calm continual shining
 Of the light within those eyes.
 Coral lips and golden tresses

Call I not thy lips and hair :
Nature in her fond caresses
Gives thee priceless gems to wear.
Wear them then with faith and prayer,
Till another's lot they share ;
So shall inward goodness beaming,
Rival all thy outward seeming.

Yet, a strange and fearful sadness
Sometimes clouds my thought of gladness,
Thought of thee,
Lest thy young and wayward measure,
Seeking only present pleasure,
Of the wide world unaware,
Unreflecting,
Unsuspecting,
Catch thee, dove-like, in a snare :
Lest some passion-driven suitor,
Like an overruling tutor,
Bend thee to his lawless power ;
One too credulous,
One too sedulous,
He deceiving,
Thou believing,
Till there comes a fatal hour.
God avert it! God avert it!
Pray I from my inmost soul ;
Grant the visions now that girt it
Mist-like from my mind may roll.
Speed the years which intervening
Keep me from thine angel face ;
Speed the distance darkly screening
Every look of dawning grace ;
Speed the moment of our meeting,
And the rapture of our greeting,
When only thou and only I
Shall be nigh,
And the secret I unfold
By the old mill turned to gold
In the sun-set sky ;
Where the ardent river rushes
To the mill-stream's rapid race,
And the summer foliage blushes
In the autumn's first embrace.

Thus he sang and thus he pondered,
Youthful, hopeful, trusting all ;
And to lands afar he wandered,
Lands where orient breezes fall.
Mid perennial bloom and splendor,
Cloudless years passed away,
And he came at last to render
Ripened hopes and feelings tender,
Which had soothed him day by day.
Come he to the village olden,
Came he to the mill so golden
By the ardent stream ;
And he sought the village maiden
Bounteously with beauty laden,
Angel of his dream.

Sweetly from the moss-grown steeple
Evening chimes fell o'er the people
As before;
Early scenes once more surrounded
And with joy his bosom bounded
As of yore.
Then with steps that slightly trembled,
Though he fain would have dissembled,
He approached the cot
Where, beneath the woodbined gable,
Long ago he conned the fable
Of his lot;
Conned it not from truthful page
Written by experienced sage —
Words of light;
But unwise,
In woman's eyes,
Thinking there to read aright!
Knocked he at the time-worn building
Full of trust,
But the ancient matron chilled him,
And the thought of joy that filled him
Fell to dust:
With low words of deep emotion,
Like the supplicating ocean
To the shore,
Was the question gently uttered
At the door:
But with tones sad and desponding,
Like the hollow shores responding
To the wave,
Was the answer deeply muttered
That she gave:
'Is she dead, or is she living?
Tell me that!' he wildly cried.
'She is dead, and she is living,'
Mournfully the voice replied;
'Dead in honor and in name,
Living in her sin and shame.'

To that gabled cottage came he,
Pride and love within him leaping,
Lion-hearted:
Broken down and weak and weeping,
He departed,
Wandering o'er the village plain,
Crazed in heart and crazed in brain

YEARS have passed, yet still he wanders,
Wanders o'er the village plain;
And he stops and sadly ponders,
Crazed in heart and crazed in brain:
Yet a kind and harmless ranger,
Doing good and loved by all,
And most happy when a stranger
Chances in his way to fall;
For to him, in voice confiding,
Will he thus his tale relate,

First an oath upon him binding,
All to keep inviolate:
'There's a treasure I'm preserving
There's a secret I'm reserving,
No man knows:
Yet there's one, I'm sure, who guesses
What my tell-tale look expresses,
What my tell-tale eyes disclose;
Only she and only I
Must be nigh
When the secret I unfold,
By the old mill turned to gold
In the sun-set sky;
Where the ardent river rushes
To the mill-stream's rapid race,
And the summer foliage blushes
In the autumn's first embrace.'

SKETCHES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY MONTGOMERY D. PARKER.

We are again at Cabenda, one of the most noted and extensive slave-marts south of the equator, and a place which has been designated as the 'Paradise of Africa,' on account of the beauty of its scenery and situation, as well as for its fine climate during the greater part of the year, and general freedom from the deadly fever which is the bane of nearly all other points of interest or attraction on the coast.

The fever does exist, and hardly a single white man among the agents and employes of the numerous Portuguese slave-factories established here, escapes a touch of it during the first year of his residence; but from its comparatively mild form, very few instances of disease prove fatal, and in two or three seasons one gets pretty well acclimated. We have been obliged to watch this place with unceasing vigilance during our stay on this part of the coast, and have rarely been absent from it more than ten days or two weeks at a time, and then only to look into Loando bay, and the mouth of the Congo river, which are within a day's sail to the northward and southward of Cabenda, and quite as notorious slave-stations as this. The little 'Boxer' is therefore quite well known here, and we in our turn have made ourselves well acquainted with the localities, and the 'big men' of the place, including the principal darkies and the slave-factors.

The native towns lie on the borders of a beautiful bay, which is known to the traders on the coast as 'Cabenda Hook;' and as far as I have been able to learn, they are all under the sovereignty of a king, called Socco Frank. Each town is again ruled by a head-man, who, since the natives have picked up a little English, is styled Prince, as 'Prince Sam,' 'Prince Pogota,' 'Prince Oldman Jack,' etc. King Socco holds his court in the

largest and finest of the towns, which lies on a commanding eminence on the right hand as the harbor is entered, and which serves as a prominent land-mark for vessels going into Cabenda. We saw but little of His Majesty at any of our visits, as he is largely engaged in trade with the slave-factories, many of which are in the immediate vicinity of his residence on the hill, and he is consequently often absent at his other towns, or on excursions into the interior or 'bush' collecting slaves. He is the only native king I have seen who affects the European dress and manners; and they ill become him when contrasted with the free and easy carriage of his chiefs and dignitaries, many of whom are large, fine-looking men, and appear to great advantage in their own costume. On the occasion of our seizure of the American brig, of which case I have spoken in a previous number of these sketches, it appeared that some of the goods composing her lading belonged to him, and at that time he came off to the ship, accompanied by his suite, to endeavor to prevail on our captain to allow his property to be landed before the brig was sent to the United States. He was dressed in a black frock-coat and trowsers, white shirt, shoes, stockings, and a black hat; and it was very evident from his ill-concealed uneasiness in the garments, that he never wore them except on state occasions or official visits, for it was with great difficulty that he could get up the side or move along the deck in his borrowed plumes. Two of his chiefs accompanied him, dressed in all their native finery, which of course was vastly better than their everyday rig, to suit the importance of the occasion. Strapping fellows, full six feet in height, they looked and moved with all the dignity of free black noblemen. The costume of one, whose dress and ornaments were really splendid, and I should judge very costly, will bear description.

This man, a sort of prime minister to the king, was also largely interested in the cargo of the brig before mentioned. He wore a very fancy piece of crimson and gold-colored cloth about his loins, reaching nearly to the feet; on his head a scarlet tarbouch or cap with a gold tassel; and on his shoulders a very fine and costly shawl of native manufacture. On his neck, ankles, and wrists, were heavy silver rings, chased in a beautiful manner, and around his waist a silver belt at least eight inches in width, and formed of a great number of chains, meeting at the back in a large lion's head in relief, of massy silver, and in front joining a clasp formed into the shape of some other beast's head, also of the same precious metal. His 'fetishes,' or charms to keep off the 'evil eye,' were suspended from his neck in great numbers by gold and silver chains, and many of them were quite pretty and curious in their workmanship. In his hand he carried a massy silver staff or cane, about four feet in length, fashioned into the form of a serpent with three bodies or tails, which, twining round each other, made the body of the staff, the head, with large emeralds for eyes, forming the handle. It weighed at least ten or twelve pounds in solid silver, and, together with his other silver ornaments, was made in England and brought out to him by some captain or supercargo, with whom he was connected in his trading operations. I have seen him many times since the occasion of his visit, and have learned that he is very wealthy, and the most influential chief at Cabenda. He has of course gotten most of his riches by selling his own countrymen; but with that *we* have nothing to do.

The whole party sat down on the deck, and His Majesty King Socco proceeded, through an interpreter, to open the 'palaver,' and make known to our captain the object of his visit. He was of course told that it was impossible to deliver him his goods, as the brig would be sent home with every thing that was found on board at the time of her seizure, but that perhaps he might soon get them in case she was not condemned as a slaver. He remonstrated, and argued the matter without avail; and after taking a glass of ship's whiskey, which he did us the honor to say was good, His Majesty and suite took their leave, as I thought, very much disgusted with Yankees and their ideas of *meum* and *tuum*. I never saw him afterward, and fancy that it was his first and last visit to an American man-of-war.

I must not omit here to give a passing notice to our friend Prince Pogota, a darkey whose never-failing attentions to us on our various visits to Cabenda will long be remembered with *strong emotions* by most of the officers of our ship. Pogota's town lies on a point of land jutting out into the sea on the right of the bay, forming one side of 'Cabenda Hook;' and here we were always sure of a most cordial welcome from his Highness when we visited the shore, who invariably offered us in the most pressing manner all the hospitalities which his country, house, and even his harem afforded. Whenever he saw our boat entering the little cove in front of his town, he would rush into his house and put on his finery, consisting of an old uniform coat and rusty sword, which some French naval officer had given him; and with these trappings to support his dignity as a reigning prince, down he would come to the beach followed by half the population of his town, and selecting from among his subjects a half-dozen athletic fellows to bring us safe and dry through the surf, he would dance about on the sand, awaiting our landing with the most eager delight. Would that our greetings could have been confined to a cordial shake of the hand; but Pogota would never rest satisfied until he had embraced each one of us separately, and our clothes in consequence generally bore the 'air of majesty' — at least of his majesty — for some time afterward. From the beach we went to his house, a neat little cane-structure, situated in a cool, delightfully-sheltered grove of cocoa-nut and banana-trees, where we could pass an hour or two during the hottest part of the day very comfortably, drinking the refreshing milk of the cocoa-nuts which the natives gathered for us, or strolling about among the quaint little houses, picking up African curiosities for our cabinets at home, or trading with the darkies for poultry, fruit, and vegetables, for our messes on board ship, the larders of which on our arrival at Cabenda always show a lamentable deficiency in these necessities.

In the centre of the 'Hook,' and facing the sea, stands Prince Sam's town, and near it runs a little stream from which we obtained fresh water for the ship. I went on shore to see this town one day, but was not fortunate enough to find the Prince at home. I took the liberty, however, of inspecting the house of his Highness, and was entertained by some half-dozen of his wives, who, for the small consideration of a paper of smoking-tobacco, allowed me the freedom of the premises, and even showed me the 'greegree' house, where were some of the most outrageous-look-

ing household gods I ever beheld. The missionary has as yet obtained no foothold at Cabenda; and these poor people are encouraged in their strange religion, which is a mixture of sensuality and superstition, by highly-colored and grossly obscene and blasphemous prints, which the French and German traders have scattered profusely on the coast. This 'greegree' house had several wooden images representing their different gods, rudely but truthfully carved by the natives themselves, but the arts of the white man had furnished the lascivious pictures with which the walls were profusely hung.

On my return to the boat, I was lucky enough to meet Prince Sam returning home in company with another royal scion, 'Oldman Jack.' He stopped when he saw me, and saluting me in African style, said in pretty good English that he had heard from his people on the beach that I had gone to his town to see him, and expressed a wish that I should return and partake of his hospitality; but as it was getting late, and the boat being ready to shove off, I did not avail myself of his politeness; so making my excuses, and presenting the old man with a cigar-case filled with Havanas, I took my leave, promising to come and see him at our next visit to Cabenda. Prince Sam is nearly seventy years of age, with hair and beard very gray. The latter he wore quite long, which gave him quite a patriarchal look for a darkey. He told me that he had seen during his life-time more than fifty thousand slaves shipped from Cabenda, but that he and Pogota were not engaged in the trade at all now, King Socco having monopolized the business.

The natives of Cabenda are not a fine-looking race of men; they are generally under the middle stature, and not strongly built, but they possess great powers of endurance, and are often employed by masters of vessels on the south coast, who say that they will pull an oar in a heavy boat an entire day, without appearing to suffer; and for this reason they are preferred in these smooth waters to the Kroomen of the north coast, whose peculiar worth lies in their skill in managing a boat or canoe in the surf, or on a bad bar. The Cabendas are great thieves, and it is necessary to be on one's guard against this knavish propensity. On one occasion I went on shore to the Point to obtain some specimens of copper ore, accompanied by two of the ship's boys, carrying implements to break the rock and dig the ore. When we landed we were joined by several natives, and while proceeding to the spot, one of them, attracted by a small leathern purse which hung round the neck of one of the boys, made a sudden snatch at it, and with his knife severed the string by which it was suspended, and ran off with his prize into the jungle. As the affair happened on my friend Pogota's ground, I at once proceeded to him and made my complaint; and to his honor be it said, that in less than an hour the offender was secured by men that he sent in pursuit of him, and the stolen property returned with all that it contained.

I am led to believe, from my own observation, that the natives at this place as a tribe have nothing to do with the slave-trade, or the slave-wars: for, in the first place, they are too poor; and in the next, they are too cowardly. The King, Socco, carries on his slaving operations with some kings in the interior, and through him the numerous barracoon agents obtain their supplies, and send their returns in the shape of farina,

muskets, calicoes, and other articles which compose an African cargo. Neither are the slaves kept at barracoons on the sea-shore, but are congregated in gangs at half a day's journey into the 'bush,' where their owners await a favorable opportunity, when no man-of-war is near, to hurry them down to the beach and put them on board the slave-ship. This is often done in one night between sun-down and day-light; and I have reason to believe that two or three cargoes were sent off directly under our guns while we have been lying at an anchor off the 'Hook.' We often saw beacon-fires on the shore at night, which were probably signals to a slaver in the offing to run in under cover of the darkness and a good sea-breeze and take in her cargo, or else to await the arrival of launch-loads of slaves to be sent off from the shore. Any one conversant with the system of slaving tactics on the coast, will understand how easily all this may be done. While we have been out, a cargo of slaves is known to have been shipped from a point between Tobocanee and Cape Mesurado, in the very heart of the Liberian territory; and so well did the English know the entire disability of the Liberian government to prevent such an occurrence, that they kept a cruiser constantly stationed there. Indeed, it will be many years, I fear, before the republic will be able by her own force to keep the slave-trade entirely out of her dominions.

With a most luxuriant soil, every thing grows in Cabenda with the least amount of cultivation; and the natives pay a good deal of attention to the raising of beans, squashes, sweet potatoes, and other kitchen vegetables, every man's hut having a small garden or patch of land attached to it. The women perform all the field-labor, and this custom obtains very generally throughout Africa. The men employ themselves principally in fishing, and when on shore do nothing but smoke their pipes and mend their fishing-nets and lines, leaving all other work to their meek helpmates, who never complain, but go through with their drudgery quietly and cheerfully.

The houses at Cabenda are built of a species of reed, plaited like a basket, with a thatched roof, and are so low as not to admit of a man's standing erect within them; and the door is rarely more than three feet high. To allow ventilation, they have windows or little doors in the roof; and it is quite amusing on the occasion of any sudden noise or excitement to see a woolly head and naked shoulders protruding like a chimney from every house in a town. These huts are also remarkable for the air of neatness and order which pervades every thing in and about them, a pleasant peculiarity which is rarely noticeable among the other tribes on the coast.

Every habitation has its *fetish* or household god, which is provided with the best place, has food constantly placed before it, and is otherwise treated with the greatest veneration. These are generally small wooden images in human shape, decorated, painted, and dressed after the manner of the country, although sometimes the tutelar deity assumes the shape of an alligator, turtle, or other beast. The natives are very fond—for what reason I could never learn—of driving nails into these images whenever they can get them; and several that I saw were completely covered and bristling with spikes, nails, and bits of iron, which undoubt-

edly, in the eyes of the poor pagans, increased and strengthened their attributes.

Each man and woman have, moreover, their own personal *fetish*, worn around the neck as an amulet against the 'evil eye.' Sometimes this is a little bundle of straw or leaves, sometimes a little image, and sometimes a small patch-work bag, made of leather and filled with earth. Whether these are obtained from a *fetish* man or made by the natives themselves, I could not learn; but they probably select what most strikes their fancy, and the article goes through the process of consecration at the hands of the *fetish* doctor. When we first arrived at Cabenda, we were desirous to obtain some of these native charms as curiosities, and we found that although the natives would not sell them from off their own persons, they would obtain us duplicates in any quantity; and even during our short visits on shore they would carve out, with a good deal of skill, the most grotesque little wooden images, with nothing but an old rusty knife for a tool. These they appeared to set no value upon, other than the small trifles we gave for obtaining or making them.

The slave-factories give employment to a large number of the natives, and some of them make very good carpenters. I have seen several large boats at Cabenda made entirely by native carpenters; and Don Alphonso, who owns one of the largest barracoons, assured me that they acquired the use of the tools with remarkable facility, and with comparatively little instruction.

I have before spoken of the climate of Cabenda, and the south coast generally, and when it is contrasted with the rains, tornadoes, and little gales of wind which are frequent at all seasons of the year on the coast to the northward of the equator, it is really delightful. The weather is never subject to sudden change, and a heavy squall or gale is unknown here. When it rains, the air is cool and pleasant, and the whole country appears invigorated and refreshed. The land and sea-breezes are very regular, and alleviate the intolerable heat of the sun, from which it must be acknowledged, Cabenda is not exempt. Our cruising about this place, and in fact on the whole southern coast, has passed thus far very pleasantly. We have not a sick man on the list; and we are all desirous of spending the rest of our allotted time in this vicinity, rather than run the gauntlet of the rains and tornadoes, which we are obliged to do every time that we return to Monrovia and the Cape de Verdes. The reflection has often struck us, what a vast amount of loss of life and suffering might have been saved had the Colonization Society planted their settlements in this region, instead of the murky, poisonous district which they did choose, where the young Republic of Liberia is now endeavoring to fight its way, under every disadvantage of climate, situation, and inconvenience. I doubt whether a worse locality could have been found in all Africa than the one they pitched upon.

It is now five months since we left our head-quarters at Port Praya, and to-day we sail on our return, eager to obtain the letters which we know are there awaiting from our loved ones at home. Pogota came off in a canoe to take leave of us this morning, and brought me a fine parrot, which in return for my first caresses nearly took off the end of one of my fingers in his powerful beak. Two English brigs of war are exercis-

ing their crews at sending down yards, and going through other nautical manœuvres, as we call 'all hands up anchor;' and to the tune of 'Old King Cole' the men walk away with the deck-tackle, and soon our little brigantine, under fore-topsail, jib and mainsail, is—I was going to say *dashing* out of the bay, but the old 'Boxer' never did that; six knots with a smooth sea, and half a gale of wind on the quarter, was the most we could ever safely reckon upon; so I will substitute a more moderated expression, and say—creeping, slowly but surely, out of the bay, with her nose pointed to the northward.

A H Y M N O F S O R R O W .

TO THE MEMORY OF OUR 'LITTLE FREDDY.'

'Into the silent land
Ah! who shall lead us thither?'

SALIS HYFFRYON.

'Into the silent land,'
Thither, oh thither,
Didst thou go forth with none to comfort thee?
Didst thou no light in death's dark country see?
No friend to lead thee by thy little hand,
Gently, gently,
To the land
Of the dear departed,
Into the silent land!

Yes! yes! 't was HE who died!
Even CHRIST the Crucified!
'T was HE who led thee gently to that shore;
Who stood beside thy pillow,
And led thee through the billow,
And the agony, and darkness,
Evermore,
As a father leads his child, by the hand,
To the land
Of the dear departed,
Into the silent land!

Thou'rt happy now at last,
This painful life o'erpast;
Thou'rt happy now at last in Heaven's unmeasured regions,
Amid the shining bands
Of God's fair and starry legions:
Like an angel thou dost stand,
And lift thy little hands
In the land
Of the 'dear departed,'
Beyond the silent land!

H. W. R.

* FREDERICK HENRY, eldest son of H. W. and MARGARET N. ROCKWELL, who died at Utica, November 13 of scarlet-fever, aged seven years and three months.

M Y F I R S T B A T T L E

FROM THE LIFE OF RALPH ROANOKE.

A LARGE spring, gushing forth in sportive bubbles from the base of a gentle hillock studded with walnut-trees, furnished an abundant supply of clear, soft water to the first settlers of the unpretending village of Belleville. Upon its grassy and beautifully-shaded banks the merry laugh of children was often heard, and many were the times when the love of fun and frolic wooed me to that bright spot, to join in the sports of my play-mates, or to listen to the gossip of the day, of which a never-ending supply was faithfully kept up by the loungers who congregated in that beautiful grove.

It was the custom of the washer-women to assemble on washing-days around this spring, and while they plied their clothes-paddles right merrily, they interchanged the 'on dits' of the past week, and many a stale joke or bit of scandal served to while away the time, and to soften the asperities of their hard life. I always had a great respect for washer-women. There was such an energy of character displayed in their fierce encounters with the dirty old shirts, (which were always my abomination;) and then they were so very chatty and good-natured.

Among them was an old colored woman, who spent her days in washing and her evenings in baking cakes and ginger-bread. I had a marvellous liking for this old lady, and our attachment was doubtless mutual, as nearly every picayune I got possession of was sure to find its way into her pockets. She was not only an original character, but a philosopher, and great deference was paid to her opinions, which, instead of running into the speculative, were always, according to her own account, founded on experience. But beside these, she had other claims upon society, for she had been born and raised among the F. F. V.'s, and shared the same propensity with the rest of that ilk to claim precedence over common people.

It was about my ninth year when 'a change came over the spirit of my dreams,' produced by an attack of the ague and fever. This scientific disease burst upon me with a grand flourish, and for a time was as regular in its *shakes* as a well-drilled orchestra, interspersing the entertainment with an every second day's solo, either upon the ague or fever, and winding up its engagement for the season with powerful and feeling variations on *both* every third day. If my readers have ever enjoyed the left-handed luxury of an ague, I shall expect them to fall into instantaneous communication with me, and follow me to the sunny side of the spring, where we may bask in the sun-shine and drink the cooling waters while our chill *comes* and *goes*, and listen to the words of wisdom and consolation as they fell from old Auntie's inspired lips.

'Roany, dear, what's de matter, child?'

'Why, Aunt Rachel, the cold chills are running all over me, and I feel

like leaning up against the sun awhile, to see if it won't thaw me out. I guess I'm about to have a chill.'

'Nonsense, child! you ain't goin' to hab no sich t'ing dis heabenly day, when de gravy 's runnin' out ob dis old nigger by de pint 'fore I 'se made any 'xertions most.'

'Yes; but, Aunt, just look at my finger-nails, how blue they are. Did you ever know this sign to fail? Answer me that, if you please.'

'Well, child, I 'se 'clined to think you 'se right dis time, for once, caze you see I ain't goin' to say nuffin' agin 'xperience. 'Xperience is my ph'losophy; I gits all my learnin' from 'xperience.'

'Now, Aunt, as you are a philosopher and a good Christian, and get all your knowledge from experience, can you tell me what use there is in a poor fellow's shaking every day for months with the ague? Did you ever know it to do any body any good?'

'Dar, now, it's jis as I done told you long nuff 'go. De debbil done trow dust in your two eyes, so you can't overcome de 'scrutable ways of Provumdenne. Now I 'se goin' to show you dat ebery t'ing dat ain't finisht hab to grow till him done. Do n't you see how 'tis, child? De Lord sends de rain an' de sun-shine upon de corn an' de 'taters, an' upon de clover-fields an' de honey-suckles, to make 'em grow, and why should n't He hab de same wise purpos' in 'flictin' de children ob men wid de ager and feber? It's my private 'pinion on dis 'portant subjec', which I done cum to arter many, many times scratchin' dis ole head, dat one ob de berry best t'ings dat could happen to a chubby feller de likes ob you, as broad as you 'se short, is to hab a good shakin' wid de ager for mose a year.'

'Well, Mrs. Philosopher, I should like to hear how you are going to prove any such nonsense as that. I say, Aunt, you 're getting so smart I am afraid we 'll have to sit up with you, for fear it should strike in.'

'Yah! yah! yah! you do n't b'lieve it, do n't you? I did n't s'pose you would; as old Massa used to say, 'T ain't ebery fool dat can see into a mill-stone as deep as dis child.' Why, look here, young one, do n't you see dat dis am de only ph'losophy dat can 'count satumfactly for de great many tall folks in de west? Do n't de trees grow tall, an' de corn grow tall, an' ain't de longest man got de tallest chance, jis as de longest pole knocks down de most 'simmons'? Consumquently, how you goin' to keep up de glorious 'cratic 'ligion of 'me's as good as you,' 'less when you find de boy 'clinin' to de broad an' squat you 'spose him to de ager an' feber, an' hab him *drowed out*? Dar, now, go 'long, child; dis nigger 's got somethin' else to do 'sides talkin' herself to deaf, 'splainen t'ings to ignorant white folks.'

Like a cunning politician, Aunt Rachel knew it was time to retire from the rostrum, look wise, and say no more, whenever she had reached her climax; and on such occasions, she generally imitated the snapping-turtle, and retired into her own august self; and if she came forth again on that day, it was only to snap at any thing that disturbed the mental laurels on which she was luxuriantly reposing.

Reader, did it ever occur to you how much we all resemble Aunt Rachel?

At the point at which we left her, she was certainly in a most enviable frame of mind. Uncontradicted and unrivalled, she was the picture of

amiability; and so are we all, after having perpetrated some act for which we feel inclined to pat ourselves on the head, and imagine all the world is ready to follow suit; but crossed or contradicted, we are thrown down from our high estate, and are rarely ever so weak and ready to lose our self-command as at the very moment when our vanity makes us feel the most secure. By some strange fatality, it does seem as if our evil genius (if we have one; and, alas! who is exempt?) is sure to turn up.

Now, Aunt Rachel's 'John Jones' was embodied in the person and family of a rival cake-baker by the name of Cotton. Cotton was a Yankee, and took a notion to emigrate to the West. He was a peaceable, quiet citizen, and perhaps had as few faults as fall to the lot of most men. At least, such was the verdict of common rumor, and my limited observation and acquaintance with him does not admit of my protest. It is true, that in one sense Cotton was an interloper. Comparing dates with Aunt Rachel, he was a resident of but yesterday, and his advent in the cake-market greatly increased her difficulty in making both ends meet at the end of the year, and at the same time keeping up her wardrobe. It was, moreover, a subject of complaint on the part of Aunt Rachel, that Cotton did not carry on a fair and honorable competition on the merits of the article, but condescended to take mean and low advantages, by peddling about his cakes at all the country-gatherings and camp-meetings, and satisfying the public maw at home; so that when gala days and court-days and Saturdays came, the good old woman found the market glutted, and a large share of her bakings left unsold, to harden and grow stale on her hands.

As bad luck would have it, while I was lingering about the spring, and rendered irritable by the burning fever which had succeeded the chill of which Aunt Rachel had philosophized so originally, the hopeful heir of Cotton, in the person of his bony and lanky son Jim, made his appearance. It was the custom of those residing at some distance from the spring to keep barrels fastened on wooden sleds, for the greater convenience of hauling water whenever their supply was exhausted. The approach of any one of the Cotton family always put Aunt Rachel out of temper, by reminding her of her losses from competition in the cake business, and it needed but one word to arouse her indignation. Jim Cotton was an ill-natured, quarrelsome boy, and knowing the dislike of Aunt Rachel, returned her ill-will with interest, and never lost an opportunity of provoking her into a quarrel. He held undisputed sway and stood without a rival in the accomplishment of abusive slang, and consequently was always ready for a battle, in which he was sure to come out victor. On this occasion, he met her at the spring just as she had dipped up a pail of water, and accosted her, as usual, in no very complimentary terms:

'You d——d old black cat, how dare you muddy the spring just as your master comes for water?'

To which she replied, (always stuttering when very much excited:)

'Loo-loo-look here, boy, gu-gu-go 'way, an' le-le-lef me la-la-'lone. I a-a-ain't gu-gu-goin' to say na-na-nothin' to you, na-na-no how!' at the same time appealing to me with her eyes, as if she hoped there was pluck enough in me to defend the poor old injured cake-woman.

The feverish condition of my nerves rendered me more than usually susceptible of good and bad impulses. I felt that I could not remain a quiet spectator. Without waiting to reason the matter or calculate consequences, I commenced to lecture the fellow with :

‘Ain’t you ashamed of yourself, to be abusing dear old Aunt Rachel?’

I may safely say, that although his name was not Gun Cotton, yet he was very combustible, and fired up in a moment at the impudence of my interference, and manifested a strong desire to reward my temerity with a sound flogging. There was no great disparity in our sizes: Cotton was rather older and taller, but I was animated by a high fever and a good cause, and under the two excitements, made a very decided demonstration that I was ready to meet the gentleman, thus presenting to the washer-woman just the material out of which to make a fracas. In those days the news of a fight or a foot-race spread like wild-fire, and in a few moments we were surrounded, and a ring formed, with self-appointed champions to see fair play. This was done so naturally and so speedily, that before I was aware of it, and certainly without the slightest intention of a fight, I found myself in for one. I was not left long in suspense, for Cotton, anticipating an easy victory over a novice, came at me in a bullying manner, with fists closed, teeth gnashing, and foam collecting about his mouth like a wild boar. I was indebted to moral courage for nerve to stand my ground, and coolness to plant my feet firmly, to withstand the shock; for, from his attitude, I was in a trio of dangers, and had the apparent choice between being annihilated with fierce looks, trampled under foot, or swallowed alive. Although I had never had a fight, I had some knowledge of the art of self-defence, and as he came at me, I planted my left paw under his ear, which rolled him over in the dust; while the washer-women made the welkin ring with shouts of applause, and Aunt Rachel’s voice was heard far above the rest :

‘Guv it to him, Roany; guv it to him! dat’ll do him good de longest day him lives!’

Up jumped Cotton, and shaking off the dust with indignation, he roared out like a mad bull: ‘Let me at him! let me at him!’ On he came again in the same foolish manner, with his face all exposed, when I gave him another ‘h’ist’ just under the nose, which made the ‘claret fly,’ and floored him the second time, to the great amusement and delight of all the by-standers. Bully Cotton was evidently very much surprised by the nature of his reception, but evidently jumped up fully intent on resuming the contest, until he discovered the blood streaming down his face, when he was seized with a sudden panic, and yelled out: ‘I’m killed! I’m killed! run for the doctor!’ and ignominiously fled, leaving me ‘cock of the walk,’ and his old horse to drag home his barrel of water by his own instinct. Many were the evidences I received of Aunt Rachel’s gratitude. For months afterward, whenever she saw me, she filled my pockets with cakes and ginger-bread, and never omitted an opportunity of showing me off as her champion whenever she could find any body to listen to her story.

Aunt Rachel was a rank federalist, and like a friend of mine, for whom I feel the affection of a brother, inherited her politics, married her re-

ligion, and eschewing all new-fangled systems, made up her mind to die like a lady by the United States Pharmacopoeia.

Yankee Cotton, with his pedlar's cart, was a type of that progress which runs into, throws off the track, and upsets all good old-fashiondom. In my boyish days I was indignant, and espoused the cause of old Aunt *con amore*; and even now, while transcribing my youthful emotions, I am again touched with sorrow at the reminiscence of her wrongs. Yes, every day I am made to pity some old man or woman overtaken at the last stage of life, and obliged to yield their scanty subsistence to some modern Yankee invention. Alas! how inexorable is Progress! Twin brother to the tyrant Time, he sweeps the old and the infirm from the field of their labors, to perish and be forgotten.

T O M A R Y :

'WHO WAS NUMBERED AMONG THE ANGELS AT THE EARLY AGE OF NINETEEN'

With the bursting of buds we looked for thy coming,
At the flowers' unfolding we watched for thy feet;
With the birds of the summer, and soft-sighing breezes,
And fountains up-leaping the sun-beams to greet.

But the buds have appeared and the flowers unfolded,
The song of the bird has died out in the vale;
The up-leaping fountain falls downward in weeping,
And the soft-sighing breezes have turned to a wail.

They bore thee afar to an isle of the ocean:
Ah! wherefore, fond hearts, delude yourselves so?
Could a father's deep love or a mother's devotion,
Or sister's, suffice to keep *angels* below?

One harp stood alone in the bright court of heaven.
No seraph in ecstasy swept its mute chords;
Thy sweet voice was wanting to swell the loud psalm,
And warble ecstatic the praise of the Lord!

Though years have gone by since that knell from the ocean,
Yet the mantle of sadness envelopes us still;
Thy name is e'er spoken with deepest emotion,
And memories like echoes are haunting us still.

With spirits the throne of thy SAVIOUR surrounding,
Oh! plead for His grace upon us who deplore;
And pray that we soon with the 'angels be numbered,'
And joined to the LAMB and to thee evermore.

Uica, 1852.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE RECTOR OF ST. BARDOLPH'S. By F. W. SHELTON, A. M. In one volume : pp. 344. New-York : CHARLES SCRIBNER.

A BOOK from FREDERICK WILLIAM SHELTON (well known to our readers) is a book worthy of perusal, and a book sure to produce new love and new admiration for its amiable and clever author. Quaint 'SALANDER and the Dragon' caused an outcry of merited praise. The Rector of St. Bardolph's will not be less warmly welcomed, if our acumen be worth any thing. The simple, warm geniality which characterizes the man in his every-day life, exhibits itself pleasantly in his work, and gives it peculiar value to those who know him : and

'None know him but to love him.'

Whether he speak with drollery, or with sweet tear-compelling pathos, describe Mr. ADMULLER's petty troubles, or the grave of broken-hearted Miss CLEMANTHE, he has the sympathy of the reader always and warmly with him. What most strikes one in this book is the quiet, penetrative, microscopic analysis of character. Mr. SHELTON *daquerreotypes*. We see, visibly, the twitching of Miss VALEARY's elbows ; we hear the rustle of her muslins as she wriggles on her seat at the organ. Sir JOHN's pomp, Mr. VAN SITART's reflected pomp, Mrs. VOSSELINGEN's rampant evangelicism, the quiet sweetness of the minister's wife, the Boanergic bray of Rev. Mr. COOLMAN, the probulgent chest of musical Mr. TUBINGEN, all these are mirrored with the fidelity, yet with the guilelessness of a brook-lake in its calm basin in the wood.

The Rector of St. Bardolph's undergoes all the usual trials of a young, good-looking, bachelor minister ; bursts out into unaccustomed and not fore-warned matrimony, and afterward suffers for it in the person of his wife. There are all sorts of people in this book : American Mrs. JELLABYS, who 'keep their eyes fixed on Africa ;' 'Dorcas Society' people ; volunteer female choristers ; she-advisers, theologians, polemicals, and outside-charitarians ; and all are well painted by that exquisite pen which warned us in 'Salander,' and delights us in 'Letters from up the River.'

Mr. SCRIBNER has 'gotten up' the work in his usual tasteful style, and Mr. BENDICER has printed it nicely : only, we would observe, that he has been a little hard upon ministers in page forty, where he strips them of their cassocks and robes them in cossacks !

How a hymn is sung 'in fugue' at St. Bardolph's, may be learned from this extract, which may serve as a lesson to sundry choirs :

'WHEN you heard the brass rings rattle over the iron rod to which the red curtain was attached, shutting up the choristers in the seclusion of their perched-up loft, then you might know

that some grand exploits of vocalism were to come off. The sexton, who had been dispatched in good season to the 'sacristy,' to obtain from the Rector the number of the psalm and hymn, having returned with a small slip of paper on which they were indicated in pencil, a great whispering and consultation having taken place which resulted in the selection of tunes, Mr. TUBINGEN placed the music-book on the rack, and the bellows of the little-big organ were put in play. Never was a more brilliant sparkle and scintillation elicited from the windy bellows of a blacksmith's forge. The head and shoulders of the organist swayed up and down like those of a Chinese eater of the narcotic drug, in the accompaniment of an improvisation upon the keys, which made the whole congregation involuntarily twist their necks and look aloft, and at last with a full choral blast from tenor, bass, and treble, the magical effect was complete. There were, no doubt, many present who came expressly to 'hear the music,' and the knowledge of this fact inspired the artists with a desire to do themselves justice. It is true some of the old people did not like the concatenation of sounds. These, however, were considered behind the age, and the opinion of such as worthy of small respect in the onward 'march of improvement.' They were swept away in their slender opposition by the force of public opinion, if not by a whirlwind of sound. At any rate, Death was fast removing them, one by one, while their deaf ears were becoming sealed to such annoyance. It was to the great surprise of the Rector that the choir one day struck upon the *Te Deum*, which he had been hitherto accustomed to read, and through various turns, and windings, and repetitions, they discoursed upon it for a full half hour. It was, however, the last time that they so distinguished themselves before the musical world. There was no piece of cathedral composition which the choir at St. Bardolph's did not consider themselves competent to perform, and had they been allowed their own way, would have sung the sermon, and made more out of the *Amen* than any other part. Mr. Hivox had indeed composed something original out of the theme of an *Amen*, full fifteen minutes long, and we are sure that when it was finished no hearer of sound judgment but would have instinctively ejaculated with his whole heart, *Amen!* But the triumph of all the voices was in some of the *fugue* tunes in which they emulated to interrupt and outstrip each other, as in the one hundred and thirty-third psalm:

'Thou love is like that precious oil
Which, poured on AARON'S head
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes
Its costly moisture shed.'

'In the prodigious effort of this performance the ear-splitting combination of the several voices hardly bore a resemblance to that oily current poured on AARON'S head, and which

'Ran down his beard and o'er his head —
Ran down his beard — his robes
And o'er his robes — ran down his
Ran down his beard — o'er his robes —
His robes, his robes, ran down his beard
Ran down his — o'er his robes
Ran down his beard — his b-e-a-r-d
Its costly moist —
Ran down his beard —
ure — beard — his — beard — his — shed
ran down his beard — his — down
his robes — its costly moist — his beard
ure shed — his — cost — his robes — his robes — ure shed
l-t-s c-o-s-t-l-i-e mois-ture — shed!'

'It was of this very composition, similarly performed, that the late Bishop SEABURY on one of his visitations was asked his opinion, and his reply was that he had paid no attention to the music; but that his sympathies were so much excited for poor AARON that he was afraid that he would not have a hair left!'

As a specimen of another kind, take the passages which describe the final illness and death of Mr. ADMULLER, after the decease of his faithful and loving wife:

'It was a summer morning, and the weather was hot and stifling. Several of the windows of the church could not be raised, because the sashes stuck fast, while of others, the cords which passed over the pulleys had become broken. The fanning was industrious and incessant, and the number of wands in constant motion, of palm-leaf, feathers, or paper, some of them highly ornamented and ancestral, might alone have diverted attention. One fainting-fit occurred at an early stage of the service, and the subject was carried out with much commotion. Scarcely had this subsided when the Rector himself was observed to look unwell. As he read that solemn and fervent invocation of the Litany, 'By THINE agony and bloody sweat; by THY Cross and Passion,' his voice faltered, his knees trembled beneath him, and turning as pale as ashes, he sank down softly in his white vestments, within the chancel rails. Alarm spread itself through the assembly, and rising from their seats, all pressed with one consent around the fallen man. With difficulty the physician forced his way through the anxious crowd, and then, amid cries of 'fall back,' 'give him air,' 'is he dead? is he dead?' — and the weeping and lamentation of aged women, he knelt down at his side and felt his pulse. There was a solemn pause, uninterrupted for a few seconds, during which you could almost hear the tears dropping. There were old and young, many brows wrinkled by anxiety, up-lifted hands, all concentrated in one group. The Rector's wife, who looked already widowed, assiduously bathed his brow. The physician, with his head and eyes turned aslant, as if in abstraction, still held his finger at the pulse, and while this was done it was a matter of uncertainty whether the patient were alive or dead!

'It would not be the first or second time that faithful men have thus breathed out their lives

in the very courts of the Lord's house, passing immediately from its vestibule to the golden streets, to the fuller and more transporting worship of the angels in heaven.

'At last, the pulse which had fluttered feebly and stood still, gave one sudden, regurgitating throb, and life returned. A visible sensation, a long-drawn sigh, escaped from the audience, when the suspense was ended, as the pastor slowly opened his dim eyes, and smiled on those present, like one awakened from a dream. In a moment after, when he became enough collected to know what was going on, it was observed that out of his eyes there gushed tears. He was then lifted up in the arms of the sexton and the physician, and deposited in his own bed in the Rectory. 'I do not think that we will have him long,' remarked one of the by-standers.

'On the next Sunday the doors of St. Bardolph's church were closed.'

'It was a Sunday morning, and the day was ushered in with that unclouded rising of the sun, with that beauty and serenity so often shed upon the days of rest, which makes the earth resemble heaven. How welcome to the weary and the heavy-laden this short respite from drudging toil! this change from dust, and turmoil, and discord, and corroding care, to cleanliness, and quietude, and peace. The bells rang forth their merry peal, the crowds of well-dressed people thronged the streets, and the doors of St. Bardolph's were, as usual, thrown open for the worship of God. But he whose voice had been so often heard within its walls would never more press forward to those hallowed courts, which he had loved so well. Tranquil, and suffering little, he lay upon his bed, and as the day was balmy, and the windows of his room were open to admit the air, he could hear the sound of the organ, and when the playing of the voluntary had ceased, the low murmur of the congregation in the confession of sins. He took the book which lay beside him, and mingled his voice with theirs. Step by step he followed through the lessons and solemn Litany, until just when the 'prayer for a sick person' was about to be pronounced, he turned his face unto the wall and died!'

'Thus, from the anthems of the Church on earth, he rose to the overwhelming music of the seraphim, and from the serenity of a Sabbath here, to that eternal rest which remains for the people of God.'

Buy the work — read it; and, our word for it, you will be as much amused and instructed in the perusal as we have been.

THE SUCCESSFUL MERCHANT: Sketches of the Life of Mr. SAMUEL BUDGETT, late of Kingswood Hill. By WILLIAM ARTHUR, A. M., author of 'A Mission to the Mysore,' etc. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

WITHOUT the hope of enlarging 'the knowledge of the scholar, to mature the graces of the holy, but to be a friendly, familiar book for the busy,' the author of this volume pleasantly details the every-day life of a business man. We rarely see the struggles of aspiring youth, and the more mature exertions of age, delineated in print; for the matter-of-fact world is too often forgotten: but here is a volume which speaks plain facts; which tells of a boy from a 'homely home' leaving poor, pious parents, to commence life amid poverty, self-denial, and hard labor, but with a trust in Him who 'tempers the wind to the shorn lamb;' of his gradual rise, of his unbounded charity with his increase of riches; until he is at the head of one of the most powerful mercantile houses in England. The author rides an easy nag, opening his story with a very natural description of the residence of an English merchant, which, 'to eyes familiar,' will bring lawn and trees, gate-way and spangled beds of flowers, with the enlivening dottings of poultry, sheep, and deer, again to view. Written in a concise, epigrammatic style; interlarded with truthful moral deductions, and a desire to impress the reader with the benefit of an upright course in life, it is a work calculated to do great good: just such a work as is needed in our forgetful, busy age; and yet not for the perusal of merchants merely, but for all who read to appreciate: a work, in short, for the desk, pulpit, shop, office, school, fire-side; for the traveller, gentleman, and house-wife. We subjoin an extract — a perfect picture of a 'busy' business man:

'You might often have seen driving into Bristol a man under the middle size, verging toward sixty, wrapped up in a coat of deep olive, with gray hair, an open countenance, a quick brown eye, and an air less expressive of polish than of push. He drives a phaeton, with a first-rate

horse, at full speed. He looks as if he had work to do, and had the art of doing it. . . . The warehouse is reached. 'Here, boy, take my horse — take my horse.' It is the voice of the head of the firm. The boy flies. The master passes through the offices as if he had three days' work to do. Yet his eye notes every thing. He reaches his private office. He takes from his pocket a memorandum-book, in which he has set down, in order, the duties of the day. A boy waits at the door. He glances at his book, and orders his boy to call a clerk. The clerk is there promptly, and receives his instructions in a moment. 'Now what is the next thing?' asks the master, glancing at his memorandum. Again the boy is on the wing, and another clerk appears. He is soon dismissed. 'Now what is the next thing?' again looking at the memorandum. At the call of the messenger, a young man now approaches the office-door. He is a 'traveller,' but notwithstanding the habitual push and self-possession of his class, he evidently is approaching his employer with reluctance and embarrassment. And now that he is face to face with the strict man of business, he feels much confused. 'Well, what's the matter? I understand you cannot make your cash quite right.' 'No, Sir.' 'How much are you short?' 'Eight pounds, Sir.' 'Never mind; I am quite sure you have done what is right and honorable. It is some mistake, and you won't let it happen again. Take this, and make your account straight.' The young man takes the proffered paper. He sees an order for ten pounds, and retires as full of admiration as he had approached full of anxiety. 'Now what is the next thing?' This time a porter is summoned. He comes forward as if he expected rebuke. 'Oh! I have got such a complaint reported against you. You know that will never do. You must not let that occur again.'

The beautiful spirit of charity is here generously evidenced; speaking the lesson to all employers, that a 'soft answer turneth away wrath.' Had Mr. BUDGETT severely reprimanded his clerk and porter, they would have left his presence muttering curses: their day's business would have dragged heavily, and a lowering brow would have been presented to the wife and children; a settled, unhappy gloom; suspicions that it augured a dismissal, at least an indifference toward their future welfare. But on the contrary, they 'go their way rejoicing, blessing the forgiver, and burning with a desire to do all they can to retrieve, amend, and do better for the future. Merchant! employer! look upon this generous picture, and 'go you and do likewise.' Old hearts will bless you; young hearts will beat quicker for your interest; and a bright beam of cheerfulness will sparkle on you from eyes that regard you as their patron and friend. In this extract is embodied a principle which is too prevalent in counting-house and at the hearth-stone; a night-mare, lying heavily upon the heaving chest of the business and social world: a godly truth well appreciated:

'In the shop stood a cask labelled P. D., containing something very like pepper-dust, wherewith it was usual to mix the pepper before sending it forth to serve the public. The trade-tradition had obtained for the apocryphal P. D. a place among the standard articles of the shop, and on the strength of that tradition it was vended for pepper by men who thought they were honest. But as SAMUEL went forward in life, his ideas of trade-morality grew clearer. This P. D. began to give him much discomfort. He thought upon it till he was satisfied that, when all that could be said was weighed, the thing was wrong. Arrived at this conclusion, he felt that no blessing could be upon the place while it was there. He instantly decreed that P. D. should perish. It was night, but back he went to the shop, took the hypocritical cask, carried it forth to the quarry, then staved it, and scattered P. D. among the clods, and slag, and stones. He returned with a light heart. Now, ye busy shopmen, and ye more lordly merchants, say, before the only witness who beheld that act under the night-heavens, have you no P. D. which ought to be scattered before you go to sleep?'

Let us see! Have *we* any 'P. D.'s' in our office? We will examine; and while the argument convinces us, 'Thou art the man!' let us hope that the same feeling may exist with all those who may read this good little book. We have had enough of books 'full of sound and fury, signifying nothing,' and now let us have this WILKIE-like, natural, truthful exposition of our own secret natures; telling us that there are those whose lives we can copy, and beget for ourselves a hope of salvation. Of course we cannot hope that all beginners have the same appreciation of results from right and wrong actions, or that all who read will be benefited; but this we may assume, that the history of SAMUEL BUDGETT is an excellent one, and that all those who imitate him, actuated by the same spirit, will be rewarded hereafter by the mandate: 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!' His industry, honesty, charity, generosity, and philanthropy, are qualities we all should possess. To

know these, read the work, and circulate it for the wider good it may produce. We should have been glad to present farther extracts, and to disseminate through these pages the healthful morals that permeate this volume, but lack of space forbids. Buy the book and read it.

POEMS. By WILLIAM BELCHER GLAZIER. In one volume: pp. 168. Hallowell, Maine: MASTERS, SMITH, AND COMPANY.

THERE are a very select few of our younger American poets to whom good taste seems as natural as their genius, and their melody of versification as distinctive and undeniable. Of Mr. WILLIAM BELCHER GLAZIER's poetry, so many examples of which have appeared in these pages, these characteristics may well be predicated. He writes not only with apparent, but evidently with real ease; nor in his case is 'easy writing hard reading;' for his thoughts are well-defined and clear, and his expression of them always transparent to the reader. A sweeter gem, in the way of simple although picturesque description, and true, tender feeling, than his lines with the cold title, '*Snow*,' you 'shall not find elsewhere.' They were originally published in this Magazine, and are quoted in the '*Knick-Knacks*,' so that any farther reference to them in this place is unnecessary. There is great variety in the little volume under notice, somewhat slender though it be in its 'outer man;' and each theme chosen for poetical illustration is depicted as an artist transfers his sketches to canvas; omitting no 'middle object,' or forceful accessory, to make the picture complete. An old man recalls the pleasant days of Christmas, and revels (and the reader with him) in the festivities of that joyous time, though long departed: we sympathize with him in his love-lyrics; we go with him to 'Cape Cottage at Sunset,' and gaze thoughtfully with him upon 'Pemmaquid Light;' we wander with him in 'Fairy Land,' and *feel* with him when he records his deep emotions in the beautiful lines, '*She Sleeps*.' The tyranny of space prevents the insertion of several extracts which we had selected for insertion: we are reluctantly compelled to limit ourselves to one; nor is *that* by any means to be taken as a more than common specimen of the merits of our author's versification. The four stanzas which ensue are from a piece entitled '*The Launching*:'

'WELL may they deck the ship to-day
With colors flaunting free,
Well may she wear her best array,
So soon a bride to be;
Long hath the dainty beauty kept
Her lover from her charms,
But now her last lone sleep is slept,
We give her to his arms.'

'Ah, guard our darling from the storm:
Thy bosom never bore
A prouder or more faultless form,
A fairer love before.
Tame down thy billows' thundering shocks,
Thy foaming wrath, O Sea!
And keep her from the angry rocks
That lie along her lee.

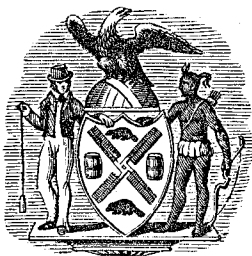
'Her home has been where green hills kiss
The river's rippling tide,
But, ah! our eyes must learn to miss
The Ocean's new-made bride.
Where white-capped waves for ever rise,
Where sea-birds skim the foam,
Far off, beneath the sea-kissed skies,
Our Beauty seeks her home.

'Ah, proud may be the mariners
That stand upon her deck;
They little fear, in strength like hers,
The tempest or the wreck:
And proudly may her ensign fly
That bears the stripes and stars;
The peace that builds a ship like this,
Is worth a thousand wars!'

Our regret at being obliged to dismiss this little volume with a notice so brief and inadequate, is lessened by the fact that that very circumstance will increase the reader's interest in the work. If we have not satisfied, we have stimulated the reader's curiosity. The volume is neatly executed, and dedicated, in brief and well-chosen words, to an old and genial friend, CHARLES COPELAND NUTTER, Esq., of Boston.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

'Prins Van Oranje:' Festival of Saint Nicholas.



WE have before us, now first 'imprinted' in a very handsome pamphlet, *'An Account of the Banquet given by the Saint Nicholas Society of New-York, on the Occasion of the Visit of the Netherlands Frigate 'Prins Van Oranje,' at New-York,'* in May last. From the circumstance that the proceedings of the Saint Nicholas Society are never permitted to be reported by the daily press, only a brief notice of the fact was made at the time. It will yet be remembered by our metropolitan readers that a

Dutch national vessel, the frigate 'PRINS VAN ORANJE,' one of the noblest of her class, returning to Holland from a cruise in the West Indies, touched at the port of Norfolk, and while lying there it was announced through the papers that she would also visit New-York. A number of the members of the Saint Nicholas Society, deeming it an event of no small interest, both to themselves and the citizens at large, (it being the first occasion that a vessel of such magnitude, belonging to the Dutch Navy, had ever visited our waters,) and which called for some particular notice on the part of the Society, made a requisition upon the PRESIDENT for a special meeting, to take the subject into consideration. The call was promptly made, and the Society convened on Wednesday evening, May 12, 1852. With entire unanimity a banquet worthy the occasion was proposed; the commandant of the frigate was addressed officially, and invited to accept the honor intended him and his officers, which in a simple and brief note he did; and the banquet took place at the Astor-House on the twenty-sixth of May, and was in all respects worthy of the Society, and of the reputation of the Astor-House. The great dining-hall was arranged and decorated with all that good taste and abundant resources could suggest and furnish. Three immense tables, spread the length of the hall, received the Society; while a *dais* across the upper end was more especially the place of honor assigned to the distinguished guests. Over this *dais*, on the entablature of the room, was inscribed, in large characters of German text, the motto of the Dutch Republic, 'EENDRACHT MAAKT MACHT,' while

underneath, the flags of Holland and the United States gracefully supported in the centre a shield bearing the arms and motto of the Kingdom of the Netherlands. The walls and windows were beautifully draped and curtained with the tri-color of Holland, red, white, and blue, the whole producing an effect as elegant as it was appropriate to the occasion. The Society's picture of New-Amsterdam as it appeared in the year 1656, was the principal ornament of the east end of the hall, occupying almost its entire width. Immediately in front of the PRESIDENT was a miniature frigate, bearing the American flag at the peak and the Dutch flag at the fore, while by her side was a representation of the frigate 'PRINS VAN ORANJE' riding at anchor. Among the beautiful and appropriate ornaments to the table, many of which were national in their character, and peculiarly adapted to revive the recollection of old customs and the olden time, the Castle of Nassau and a temple to the Patron Saint were conspicuous, and much admired. Nor must the ancient and sable attendants upon the upper table be forgotten, who, as usual on all the festive occasions of the Society, dressed in their antique livery, formed so peculiar a '*decoration*' and interesting memento of the past. In fine, the general appearance of the hall, when the tables were occupied by the Society and their guests, whose brilliant uniforms added greatly to the general effect, was indeed most imposing, and such as is rarely seen on any public occasion.

After the company had been seated, the abundant and various potables and edibles discussed, and the first two toasts, to the 'American PRESIDENT and the KING of the Netherlands,' had been proposed, drank with enthusiasm, and appropriately responded to, the report of a cannon, heard from the ports of the frigate in front of the PRESIDENT, drew all eyes toward her, and it was found that she also was bearing her part in the festivities, by firing a full salute in honor of the toast and its representatives. So totally unexpected was the salute, and with such regularity and precision was it given, that it was some time before the enthusiasm it excited permitted the presiding officer to go on with the toasts. The HON. DANIEL WEBSTER, who had arrived in town during the day, had been specially invited to be present, but had felt compelled from fatigue to decline the invitation. He was induced, after the removal of the cloth, to join the festive party for a short time, and now entered the hall, attended by the HON. JOHN A. KING, ex-President of the Society, the whole company, officers and guests, rising, and cheering him to his seat, at the left of the PRESIDENT, with gratifying and honoring enthusiasm. Mr. OGDEN HOFFMAN, the PRESIDENT, in a few brief but eloquent remarks, welcomed the great 'Defender of the Constitution,' and paid a just tribute to the Society's distinguished guests, Commandant D. BYL DE VROE, and his officers, the former of whom responded briefly but feelingly, thanking the Society, on behalf of himself and his officers, for the hearty welcome they had received from those on these shores who hailed from one father-land; and in conclusion gave as a toast, '*The Society of Saint Nicholas.*' The PRESIDENT, in felicitous terms, next called up Mr. WEBSTER, who responded as follows, amidst continued plaudits and cheering:

'MR. PRESIDENT and Gentlemen of the Saint NICHOLAS Society: I deem it a piece of great good fortune, this opportunity to pass a few moments with you. On coming into town, I had the honor to receive an invitation to be present at your dinner. I was obliged to decline because of my personal condition. I am a little disabled: I have not two arms: I cannot say, like the glorious Dutch who defended Leyden, that I have one arm to eat, and another with which to fight; but fortunately, gentlemen, as there is but little fighting to be done, I get on pretty well with one arm.

'Gentlemen, I am happy to be here. I am happy in recalling to my recollection all the early

associations connected with the government of the Netherlands, and our own early history, when we were weak and depressed, and without means and credit, and found both in Holland.

'Your ancestors and your nation I shall never forget, so long as I remember with gratitude any thing on earth. I shall never forget that the Dutch yielded us sympathy; yielded us, as we say in our days, *material aid*; and when our prospects were threatened with blight, gave us the timely assistance of the sinews of war. I have always felt kindly sentiments toward that nation. My heart warms toward the government who helped us in our hour of extreme necessity. I have ever felt a deep interest in their fortunes. I have raised my voice and swung my hat for forty years for *Oranje Boven!*'

Mr. WEBSTER continued for some time in a review of the example which Holland, in her early struggles for liberty, had given to the nations of the earth, and in eulogy of her sound and steadfast character. He concluded by offering as his sentiment:

'CAPTAIN DE VROE, OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE: His Government and his Nation; and may PROVIDENCE prosper them.'

Mr. WEBSTER shortly after left the room, the whole company again rising and cheering enthusiastically until the door closed upon him.

In response to the fourth toast, '*The Land of our Ancestors and the Founders of our City*,' Hon. GULIAN CROMMELIN VERPLANCK, a former PRESIDENT of the Society, responded in the following comprehensive and admirable historical speech, which we have great pleasure in quoting entire:

'I HAVE to thank you, Mr. PRESIDENT, and the Society, for the honor you confer upon me in selecting me from your number to respond, on behalf of my fellow-members, to that toast in grateful memory of the founders of our city in which we have just joined. I could wish that your choice had fallen upon some other member who could with better voice than I have at present, and a more eloquent tongue—though, I trust, not with truer heart—have responded to this grateful sentiment. It is indeed no light debt of gratitude that we of this Society and this city have to acknowledge to our venerable and excellent ancestors; for they left us a rich legacy indeed, in their honorable example of far-seeing sagacity, their hardy enterprise, their patient perseverance, their wise and careful, yet beneficent economy, their quiet domestic virtues, and, above all, in their pure and strict and stainless integrity. The rich results, the abundant fruits of these unostentatious but precious qualities, we are now enjoying; for although thousands of other active and strong hands, Anglo-Saxon from Old England and from New-England, French and German, Teutonic, Scandinavian and Celtic, men of all tongues and nations—have toiled together to build up the golden throne of commerce upon our rocky island, the deep and broad foundations of that imperial structure were laid long before on the sands and rocks of our Manhattan, by the hands of these men of patient labor and of wise enterprise, to whose virtues and memory we have just rendered our grateful tribute. In the industrious and frugal inhabitants of the busy little village of Nieuwe Amsterdam, such as it was sketched by Vanderdonk in 1680, and in their grand-children, the thriving and not less industrious citizens of the prosperous little town of New-York, in 1750, we hail the early founders of the commercial and maritime and financial greatness of the emporium of 1852.

'But in acknowledging, as citizens of this goodly city, our deep obligations to its Batavian founders, I cannot but feel—we must all feel—that these obligations swell, and are destined to continue to swell, far beyond our municipal limits, or even those of our State; so that we, the sons of Saint NICHOLAS, the natives of what was once New-Amsterdam, and sprung from its older stock, are here the representatives of a much larger community in our good State of New-York, and of the sons of New-York, scattered over our whole continent, who have to acknowledge other obligations to Holland—in which, too, we participate—weightier, grander, of a more large and national character, than any which are suggested by mere city or local feeling. We must all of us have remarked that of late years the rapid increase of the population and power of our Union has rendered it an object of national pride to the writers and orators of England, and other lands, to claim the production of whatever on this side of the Atlantic seems worth claiming as belonging to their own influence or teaching, or their own blood. Thus we often hear bold, and not a little variant statements of the origin of the races which now people the wide extent of our Union. Old England has more than once, from her highest places of power or learning or her church, claimed as her own kindred our whole race, and pronounced the liberties and laws and varied blessings we now enjoy to be part and parcel of the glories of the Anglo-Saxon stock, in which no other blood or race has a right to share. I yield to no one in respect and gratitude to the land of the Pilgrim Fathers; to the nation who gave us the language and the literature of SHAKESPEARE and MILTON; who taught us the principles of republican and constitutional liberty through the examples and writings of HAMPDEN and SIDNEY.

'But there is another side to this question, and as extreme as that just stated. The magnitude of the vast recent emigration to this country has so staggered the imagination of some, that we appear to them but one vast camp of emigrants, with their children in the first generation, and in speeches and essays and grave disquisitions, the people of the United States have been made out to be one half German and more than one half Celts. Again I must claim to yield to no one in estimation of the value of our vast recent emigration, whether Celtic, Teutonic, Scandinavian, or of other European races, which I see sweeping its broad current across the Atlantic to our shores, monthly, weekly, daily.

'Yet a very little study of the huge unrhethorical volumes of our decennial census will show

great exaggeration on all sides—an exaggeration quite natural as long as one side only of the subject is looked at—and will dissipate many plausible and popular assertions. Such an examination will show that in spite of the immense accession to our population within the last few years, that number, even adding their children of the first generation, are but a fragmentary part of our whole population, the very far greater part of whom draw their descent from the older colonial stocks: from the earlier Teutonic emigrants to this State and Pennsylvania, from the Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman at the East and the South, and (not to be forgotten among them) the French emigration of the beginning of the last century, and that of our Batavian race during the century preceding.

‘These several races of earlier settlers, as we know by unquestionable historical or documentary evidence, went on in the rapid progression of doubling and redoubling their number every twenty, or at most every twenty-five years. It is that simple arithmetical rule of *progression* which excites every school-boy’s wonder in the problem of the cent for the first nail in the horse-shoe, doubling onward for each additional one as the price of the horse, until the sum swells to astounding millions; this simple rule of numbers explains the fact, which the evidence of population-returns, more or less regular at different periods of our history, clearly establishes, that the very great majority of our present population draw their descent from these earlier stocks, which have doubled and redoubled their numbers six, eight, or ten times.

‘Among these several races, now twined and bound together by mingled blood, affinities, interests, affections, recollections common to all, the old Batavian race is entitled to claim no insignificant share of our national origin.

‘Statistical and historical writers seem hardly to be aware of the importance of this element in our national composition.

‘Yet we can trace the seven or eight thousand Hollanders who passed from the sovereignty of their native land in 1668 to that of England, increased by some subsequent Dutch colonists, when WILLIAM of Orange became WILLIAM III. of Great Britain; becoming, in 1776, a majority probably, certainly the most numerous single race in two of the now United States, New-Jersey and New-York.

‘In the seventy-six years which have since elapsed, those numbers have continued to enlarge themselves. Their streams, mingling with those from other sources, have overflowed the bounds of their original States, far over to the West, and still rush onward, wave after wave, to the Pacific. Thus it is hardly to be doubted—though the statement, I suspect, would excite some surprise at Amsterdam, Leyden, or the Hague—that we, old native citizens of these United States, and of Batavian descent, already exceed in number the inhabitants of Holland proper, and are rapidly approaching, if we have not already equalled, the whole population of the kingdom, which in twenty years more we shall far out-number.

‘Thus it is that hundreds of thousands, I might almost say that millions, of the native citizens of this Union can claim you and your countrymen, our honored guests, as their kindred, hail your Fatherland as that of their fathers, and rejoice in the honors and blessings of our ancient blood. I say unhesitatingly, the honors and blessings of *our ancient blood*; for however frequently the influence of old and time-honored descent is seen to fail shamefully in the individual who boasts of his high birth, yet that influence of blood in the masses, in its wide and general effect upon the race, is sure, and clear, and strong. That influence and effect, as well as that of the example, the character and mind of Holland, are, I think, to be found conspicuous in the history and character and present civil and political condition of our State and our nation; and in acknowledging them we are not merely the representatives of our absent brethren of the Americo-Batavian blood, but of our whole confederated people of every lineage and race.

‘Look back to the great struggle of our Independence and to the glorious old Congress of 1775, which formed that federative system that gave us a real national existence, and still forms the basis of our Federal Government; that old Congress which, through war, and poverty, and discord, ‘darkness before and danger’s voice behind,’ conducted this people to peace and liberty. Where did that glorious old Congress find its examples of action and its models of government? I should be the last to deny our obligations to the great lights of English liberty, to the men of her two revolutions, whose spirit the patriots of our revolution had imbibed, and whose doctrines and even words have been embodied in the state papers and declarations of 1775 and 1776. Yet in other respects our revolution had little analogy with that of Great Britain. Where, in English, or in any other history, was to be found the example of a number of subject provinces uniting in a struggle for their rights, not against a monarch merely, but against a powerful metropolitan sovereign nation, and, in that struggle, becoming themselves a powerful nation? What parallel, what model is to be found for that glorious old Congress of 1775, its difficulties, its labors, and its triumphs? There is one, and but one. That one parallel is to be found in the history of the difficulties, the labors, the achievements, and the final triumph of another as glorious old Congress of united revolted provinces springing up into confederated States, just two centuries before our Declaration of Independence—the glorious old States-General of the United Netherlands.

‘Historians do scant justice in tracing out the influence and extent of their example upon our history and institutions. The whole frame of our revolutionary government was obviously modelled upon that of the States-General. Similarity of circumstances, doubtless, contributed of necessity to the similarity of action in some of its larger features. But I have been struck, in reading the journals of Congress, the diplomatic correspondence and other state papers of that period, with the frequent evident resort to the model of the Dutch Republic. Some of these are slight in themselves, yet they are of that more delicate sort of evidence which the experienced lawyer, or the critic in art or letters, often finds more irresistible than the most direct testimony. There was not merely the resemblance of the general frame of government between the two confederations, but it is to be traced in the language and form of our constitution, our treaties, and our laws and resolutions; in the style and character of our diplomatic correspondence, and even in the simple ceremonial of our then government; as in its fashion of receiving foreign ministers and addressing crowned heads. Like the burgher rulers of Holland, the chiefs of our revolution, plain and untitled at home, claimed to be addressed from abroad as ‘High and

Mighty,' *Hoogh moogende heeren*; and to address as equals, as they still do, any friendly monarch in the style of old Dutch diplomacy, as 'Great and Good Friend.'

'The principles of that original confederation of our States, drawn from that of the Seven Provinces of the United Netherlands, are still perpetuated in a form better adapted to the wants of a powerful commonwealth; and we must thus own our Batavian fathers as our instructors in the grand political lesson of combining the advantages of local and state administration with the strength and majesty of a national existence.

'Again: let us return to the banks of our own Hudson, and look over our State, whose commerce has outstripped that of any of her sisters, in whose territory internal improvement was first successfully attempted on any extended scale, and where its results have been so splendid. Can we not here, too, mark the influence of that same blood, and the effects of that same example?

'I have already adverted to the influence of that Dutch blood, character, morals, sagacity in rendering this New-Amsterdam what old Amsterdam was in her high and palmy state of commercial glory — the mart of nations, the exchange of the world. Without entering on the invidious task of disputing with other races their just share in contributing to this brilliant result, it is enough to say, what our whole city history proves, that much of this result is owing to our Batavian race. But enough of what is about and around us: let us turn our eyes inland. Look along the great lines of canals which specially distinguish our State. See them connecting the ocean with the inland seas, ending in or connected with harbors almost formed by the skill of the hydraulic engineer, around which are rising cities ready to vie with those of the Atlantic coast.

'What do we see in all this — especially when we compare these results with the less happy undertakings of the same sort in other States, nowise inferior to our own in natural wealth, or in the resources of science, art, and practical skill — what do we see in all this but the working out of the instincts of our original race?

'That we owe something of the boldness, extent, and success of our hydraulic labors to the instincts of national blood, seems marked by the striking fact, (among many others,) that in these labors, too early for success, but yet the prophetic harbinger of the greater future, we first find prominent the name of General SCHUYLER; while the name of DE WITT CLINTON, so gloriously connected with the successful completion of our grandest works, equally marks his descent on the maternal side from the land of hydraulic science and enterprise.

'Surely this peculiar characteristic of our New-York State policy stamps us with the indelible lines of that same national character shown by the men who, in the midst of the perilous and doubtful war of their independence, could execute those works which excited the admiration of old DUGDALE, the father of English hydraulic science, nearly two centuries ago. I speak of the draining of the Beemster, the Schermer, the Pumer, and the Wormer; and the same mind has perpetuated itself in the *Leeghwater*, the *Crugires*, and the *Van Lyndens* of our own day. We dug our 'big canal' in the same spirit and under the same instinct (perhaps what naturalists would call an *acquired* instinct, not natural at first, but, when acquired, descending as a natural one) as our ancestors and those of the present men of Holland executed their great works of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and as their grand-children, our worthy cousins, have just drained the Leyden Lake, and are now laboring on the magnificent enterprise of adding the oozy bottom of the Zuyder Zee to the fertile soil of Holland.

'While, then, the authors and orators of England proudly claim (and not without their share of right) the institutions, and intellect, and the very people of the United States, as among the noblest honors of the Anglo-Saxon race, let not the patriots and scholars of Holland shrink from demanding for their own ancestry their due portion of the same honors. If, as I fear may still be the case — as I well know it was some few years ago — the mind of Holland is not awakened to the facts I have briefly stated, as being in fact parts of her own history, yet this indifference or neglect cannot long continue. This very festive occasion, and the sentiments it calls forth — you yourselves, our honored guests, will remind your countrymen of these things. These and other similar facts will be presented to them far more impressively than I can do it, by their own writers and speakers, until the cordial feeling of mere kindred and brotherhood becomes mixed with an honest pride in all of worth or value in the character or works or deeds of all on this side of the Atlantic, who, drawing their descent from the men of old Holland, have trod in the footsteps of those ancestors,

'Led by their light, and by their wisdom wise.'

'Thus, while we the American offspring of old Batavia are proud to acknowledge the blessings and honors which we and our country have derived from that ancient and honored Fatherland, her own native sons will hail these blessings and honors as so many freshly-added glories to the just renown of our common ancestry.

'Yes, the day is approaching, it is even now at hand, when, on the great national festivals of Holland, in her solemn religious services on public occasions, or on the *rostra* of her ancient universities on their seasons of academic *Gaudia*, these fresher transatlantic trophies of Batavian honor will be proudly blended with the glorious memories of the past. When the patriotic orator, in that lofty and sonorous eloquence to which their language is so well adapted, recounts the great deeds of the men of other days — when he relates the long struggles under MAURICE and the WILLIAMS of Orange against the giant powers of Spain or France; when he numbers up the scholars and jurists and statesmen of Holland, such as GROTIVS the legislator of nations, and DE WITT the model of republican diplomatists and rulers; when he points to the lights of art which have shed their lustre over his country, and recites that long list of artists worthy to follow the great name of REMBRANDT; when he has, in words of fire, described TROMP and DE RUYTER triumphing successfully over every navy of Europe, and at last pouring out their life-blood under their own beloved flag; when he has expatiated on the lives of honorable integrity and the deeds of heroic perseverance of whole generations of private citizens who have left no name in history, but whose works are as wide and as enduring as their own native land, which they almost created — the orator will pause a moment in his glowing theme, and will

add, 'Yet these are but a portion of the treasures of our country's glory. Turn we from the heroic past to the glowing present, and its sure and still grander future.' He will then direct the thoughts of his audience across the wide Atlantic. He will show to them, in that clear vision which eloquence can raise before 'the mind's eye,' the swarming streets, the loaded wharves, the stately ware-houses of New-Amsterdam, with its circling port, now white with myriads of sails, or gay with the flags of every nation, whose unknown wave was first broken by the solitary keel which bore hither HENDRICK HUDSON under the old tri-colored flag of Holland. He will guide their eyes along the great lines of artificial communication, the slow canals hard by the rapid rail-road, uniting the ocean to the great inland seas. He will bid them mark thousands and hundreds of thousands (in some few years later he will speak of millions) there rejoicing in the name and blood of old Holland. He will recount the names among that Americo-Batavian race honorably connected with their country's history, arms, arts, laws, or letters. He will call upon his hearers to speed their thoughts into farther distance and after-time, and view the children of these thousands spreading themselves over forest, and field, and flood, from ocean to ocean, in a congeries of independent, self-governing, but united States. He will show how in that national Union, throughout all its stages, might be found the results of the genius and experience of the ancient Fathers of Dutch Independence.

'Then, summing up the whole, with patriotic pride, he will add, 'These, too, O beloved Fatherland, these, too, are among the treasures and the trophies of thy well-earned glory.'

'Mr. PRESIDENT and honored guests, I will detain you no longer, for I have trespassed already upon your kind attention. I will only ask you to join me in a toast, summing up in brief the thoughts that I have so vaguely and imperfectly presented. It has at least one merit—that of containing more feeling, more facts and thoughts than I could find words to express.

'OUR BELOVED AND VENERATED BATAVIAN FATHERLAND.

'When she takes an account of the rich treasures of her ancient glory; when her authors and orators recount the long list of her great scholars, divines, artists, statesmen, and heroes, and describe their noble works and deeds on land and at sea, in arms and arts, in letters and science; when they narrate the still greater deeds and works of her whole heroic and persevering people, in rescuing their liberties from oppressors, and their very soil from the ocean; may she never have cause to forget that many of the most magnificent results of her national character, influence, and genius, are to be seen in these United States, where, from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific, generation after generation of her children, in still increasing thousands and millions, arise, and will arise, 'to call her blessed.'

The fifth toast strikes us as being especially happy, both in the sentiment and in the rendering. It was as follows:

'THE 'HALF-MOON' AND THE 'PRINCE OF ORANGE': Two centuries and a half ago the former displayed the pioneer-flag of Holland on our Hudson. This day our Society rejoices to meet the latter, bearing on the same waters the honored colors of the Netherlands.'

Lieutenant VAN OMNEN, of the frigate, responded briefly but effectively, contrasting the Society's picture of New-Amsterdam, with its few scattered houses and Indian stockade, with the mighty city which had sprung up from so small a beginning. He concluded by toasting 'The City of New-York,' with appropriate compliment. Consul-General ZIMMERMAN also responded in eloquent terms to the same sentiment which had brought up Lieutenant VAN OMNEN. He concluded by a toast in honor of 'The Army and Navy of the United States,' to which Major FRAZER, of the former, and Lieutenant HENRY WALKER, of the latter service, responded at some length, and to universal acceptance. Mayor KINGSLAND responded briefly but very pertinently to a sentiment in honor of the city. The tenth toast, 'Civil and Religious Liberty,' was answered by Rev. Dr. VERMILYE, one of the Chaplains of the Society. His speech was as admirable in itself as it was admirably delivered. He demonstrated the influence of Holland in establishing civil and religious freedom, and dwelt with force and fervor upon the priceless legacy she had left to her descendants in other lands. The eleventh toast, 'The Fair Daughters of America,' brought upon his feet Mr. JOHN D. VAN BEUREN, who responded in a speech replete with characteristic humor, from which we quote a single passage:

'He said: 'It was not a light task that was given to him—to do the talking for all the women of New-York. But no honor was without its proportionate duty; and he knew no more honorable position than that he occupied, representing the better half of all New-York. He was made to-night the ladies' mouth-piece. He knew how sweet it was to be a lady's mouth-piece, but would prefer being employed by them in that capacity one by one, and in a less company than that. It is right (said he) that woman's voice should be heard on this occasion; for we have been, all the evening, going through that great event, the birth of New-York; and I never knew a birth to amount to much without a woman.

'Our sex joins yours, Mr. PRESIDENT, most heartily in giving a warm greeting to your guests

this evening. Your guests are the blood-relations of New-York's early love. And we women like early love; the earlier the better, after girlhood—to say nothing of widowhood. We do not forget it was around a Dutch ship that the virgin waters of New-York clung in their first embrace. It was a lawful embrace and fruitful. Many here are of its fruits. Others are the issue of the second connection which New-York formed in her colonial youth. That was a forced match; nevertheless it produced good and abundant fruit. Others, again, are of the stray children of France, whom their mother turned out of doors because they would not go to church with her, and whom New-York adopted into her little family. All the branches of that early family are here to-night to do honor to men of the same blood as was New-York's first love. Those who have long occupied this splendid structure, our city, are here to acknowledge their obligations to those who laid its foundation; who fixed the foundation in a good soil, and laid it strong, solid, broad, as a Dutchman's foundations ought to be. It was a great day, that on which the corner-stone of New-York was laid. Sacrilegious proposals have been made, of late, to remove by gunpowder that ancient corner-stone from where it now lies quietly and harmlessly under the water, off the Battery. The enormous estimates for the requisite powder prove how well our forefathers did their work. Modern improvement has become very daring. Already, in the past year, it has laid its bold hands upon Hell-gate itself, and has succeeded in destroying one of the chief columns of that ancient gateway through which so many have passed. The removal of obstructions from that passage seems to me, like many modern reforms, little conducive to human happiness. It is common to many modern reformers to be ignorant of that great teacher—the Past. So, they call their operations at Hell-gate, removing natural obstructions. Natural obstructions! Why, we women know history better than that. Pot Rock never grew where it was found. It was planted there; planted out, when of full size, by our broad-backed forefathers. There was no such place as Hell-gate in this region till the Dutchmen came. It was a part of their system of fortification against the Yankees. They meant that no Yankee should get into New-York without first undergoing a purification by fires warmer than those of purgatory. The Yankees were not men to be scared in that way: well for us they were not. Without the Yankees, you could not to-night lay before your guests this well-spread table. But for the Yankees, you could not exhibit to them, with pride, the splendid, active, populous, spirited city that now surrounds you.

'It has been said by one of the ablest of modern historians, that 'the spirit of the age was present when the foundations of New-York were laid.' It was eloquently said. And, what is better, it is true. Our own beloved ancient historian, DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER, in whom we women take as much delight as we do in his graver brother, records the same fact—of a spiritual presence on that great occasion. And when it is considered that, of these two historians, one was born down East, (and any place might be proud of his birth,) and the other was a New-Yorker, (and all New-York is proud of his birth,) any fact upon which they can agree must be true. The Eastern historian conceals the name of the presiding spirit of the day—I trust not from jealousy. But our own faithful chronicler gives the name in full. The Spirit that guided and blessed the heavy work of the heavy Dutchmen who undertook to lay the first course of the magnificent edifice, New-York, was none of your flimsy modern spirits, such as are, now-a-days, carried about the country in airy menageries by PROSPEROS in petticoats—he was no other than our own real, live, merry, baby-loving spirit, SANTA-CLAUS.

'New-York, Mr. PRESIDENT, will not forget her founders. She cannot, if she would. The Dutch blood has left its marks upon her—marks not to be obliterated so long as one stone of New-York is left upon another. There is a Dutch blood-stain upon every one of her countless stoeps. In all her work-shops, the boss displays the mark. And there is a broad, deep mark of Dutch blood on Sandy Hook, to remind every stranger entering the gates of New-York, who it was that first opened those glorious gates. New-York may well remember her founders. In her present day of pride and prosperity, in the midst of her own gigantic enterprises, it will not lessen her pride, it will not check her enterprise, to remember that, however afterward nurtured, she was born of the people who long led the way for Northern Europe to commercial greatness. When the exile and the persecuted seek her hospitality, New-York may worthily remember that she sprang from a people who, when toleration was elsewhere unknown as a virtue, and when all other doors were shut, opened wide their doors to exiles from all climes, to the persecuted for all opinions, political and religious, of whatever shade or degree, and sheltered, in their limited home, the victims of all Europe's intolerance.'

Mr. FREDERICK DE PEYSTER, in an extended and extremely interesting and able speech, based upon a toast to Admiral VAN TROMP, followed Mr. VAN BEUREN. We regret that our crowded pages prevent a farther reference to this excellent performance, as well as to the kindred remarks of T. ROMEYN BRODHEAD, Esq., which were warmly received by the assembled company. The banquet closed in the 'small hours' of the morning, under the temporary presidency of Hon. GULIAN C. VERPLANCK: the whole proceeding furnishing an earnest that Dutch hospitality, after a lapse of nearly two hundred years, had not waned, or grown less genial, in the keeping of those whose pride it is to be descended from the FATHERLAND.

A PESTILENT 'cold in the head,' born of the fog, darkness and drizzle, that immediately preceded the last Festival of our beloved SAINT NICHOLAS, prevented

our attendance on that interesting occasion; but an esteemed friend, and heretofore a long-time associate of ours in the Committee of Stewards, has kindly enabled us (although at too late a period for insertion in our January number) to supply the matériel for the report, which, as the only authorized chronicler of the proceedings of the 'Sons of Saint NICHOLAS,' we annually present to the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER: The anniversary of the Society was celebrated as usual on the natal day of the patron Saint, the sixth of December last. The Society was called to order for the transaction of business at five o'clock; after which Mr. JOHN VAN BUREN, of the Committee of Installation, proceeded, in an eloquent and impressive manner, to install the officers elect for the ensuing year:

OGDEN HOFFMAN, PRESIDENT

HAMILTON FISH,	First Vice-President.
JAMES H. KIP,	Second Vice-President.
JOHN W. FRANCIS, M. D.,	Third Vice-President.
FREDERICK DE PEYSTER,	Fourth Vice-President.
WILLIAM H. JOHNSON,	Treasurer.
CHARLES R. SWORDS,	Secretary.
RICHARD E. MOUNT, JR.,	Assistant Secretary.

MANAGERS.

SAMUEL JONES,	S. L. H. WARD,
WILLIAM J. VAN WAGENEN,	JOHN G. ADAMS, M. D.,
JACOB ANTHONY,	D. HENRY HAIGHT,
CORNELIUS OAKLEY,	ALEXANDER J. COTHEAL,
JAMES J. ROOSEVELT,	JOHN D. VAN BEUREN,
JAMES W. BEERMAN,	JOHN RIDLEY.
REV. THOMAS E. VERMILYE, D. D.,	} CHAPLAINS.
REV. WILLIAM L. JOHNSON, D. D.,	
BENJAMIN DRAKE, M. D.,	} PHYSICIANS.
WILLIAM H. JACKSON, M. D.,	
JOHN C. CHEESMAN, M. D.,	} CONSULTING PHYSICIANS.
RICHARD S. KISSAM, M. D.,	

STEWARDS.

NICHOLAS LOW,	AUGUSTUS SCHELL,
J. ROMEYN BRODHEAD,	A. B. HAYS,
JOHN J. CISCO,	G. G. VAN WAGENEN,
BENJAMIN H. FIELD.	

About one hundred and fifty gentlemen subsequently sat down to a superb dinner, prepared in that style of decoration and profusion which has rendered the names of the liberal-minded hosts of the incomparable Astor 'familiar as household words.' It is but a short time since, as we have seen, that the same hall was the scene of an unusual festivity, on occasion of the banquet given by the Society to the Commandant and officers of the Dutch Frigate, the 'PRINS VAN ORANJE.' That scene could not but be revived in the minds of most of those present, and it would not have been surprising had the festivities incident to the anniversary dinner appeared in comparison somewhat dull. The Stewards, however, had taken care that nothing should be wanting on their part to provoke a comparison; and backed by the ability of such hosts as COLEMAN AND STETSON, they succeeded most admirably in rendering the festivity all that could be desired. The Hon. OGDEN HOFFMAN, President of the Society, presided with all that genial warmth of manner and character which so eminently distinguish him, and conducted his part of the festivities in the most able manner. On the days at the

Great Table were seated his Honor the MAYOR, the CHAPLAINS of the Society, the PRESIDENTS of the several Benevolent Societies, the Dutch Consul-General, Mr. ZIMMERMAN, Mr. ARMSTRONG, Secretary of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, CHARLES KING, President of Columbia College, and several of the former Presidents of the Society.

When full justice had been done to the good things set before them, the PRESIDENT arose, and assuming the emblem of his office and power, the venerable cocked-hat, gave notice that the time had arrived for the intellectual part of the feast. He thanked the Society for their preference in again selecting him as their presiding officer, and for the honor he felt had been conferred on him. He went into a humorous review of the causes which had operated in defeating his election to another station for which he had recently been nominated; arriving at the conclusion that it was the SAINT NICHOLAS Society which had defeated him, from a sense of injured dignity, in that they never could consent that their PRESIDENT, filling the high and sublime position he then occupied, should descend to humbler avocations. He went on to show that several gentlemen, including the MAYOR elect, Judges, etc., members of this Society, had been successful candidates, and that the reason he had assigned could be the only possible mode of accounting for his defeat. The genuine humor which distinguished the PRESIDENT's opening address, and his peculiarly appropriate and eloquent introductory remarks to several of the toasts, claimed the close attention of every one present, and imparted hearty zest to all the proceedings. The toasts of the evening were as follows:

1. OUR PATRON SAINT, SAINT NICHOLAS: We loved him in our childhood: in our manhood we honor him. Music: '*Myneheer Van Donck.*'
2. THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. Music: '*The President's March and Yankee Doodle.*'
3. THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK. Music: '*The Governor's March.*'
4. THE ARMY AND NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES. Music: '*The Star-Spangled Banner.*'
5. OUR CITY: Like her mother, hospitable Old Amsterdam, she welcomes the Pilgrim from every land. Music: '*Home, Sweet Home.*'
6. THE FATHERLAND: She gave us a noble example of National Independence, admirable lessons in Constitutional Government, and efficient aid in reducing those lessons to practice. Music: '*De Wilhelmus.*'
7. EENDRACHT MAAKT MACHT: Union makes might — the great lesson which the old Seven United Provinces taught by precept and example. Music: '*Wien Neerlandsch Bloed.*'
8. THE WOMEN OF MANHATTAN: Give us your hearts, and your rights are safe. Music: '*Here's a Health to all good Lasses.*'
9. OUR SISTER SOCIETIES: SAINT NICHOLAS welcomes them to his festive board. Music: '*We are a band of Brothers.*'

The first four toasts were received with all the honors. When the fifth toast was announced, after the band had finished that most appropriate and touching of simple melodies, Home, Sweet Home, his Honor the Mayor, AMBROSE C. KINGSLAND, rose to respond, as the representative of the city. 'He felt,' he said, 'a double pride in being there, and responding to the sentiment, as being not only the Mayor of a KNICKERBOCKER city, but a KNICKERBOCKER himself. He respected and loved the Society as the medium of preserving to us the 'KNICKERBOCKER Line,' as the bond in which these times of commingling of nations and races would keep together the true Dutch succession, whatever might become of the apostolic. Drawing a humorous parallel between the physical appearance of those around them, and their sturdy ancestry, he concluded that they but partook of the spirit of the age, and were built in the clipper fashion of the day; but he had no fears that there was any falling off in the stock. Thanking the Society in behalf of the city, he gave as a toast:

'THE SAINT NICHOLAS SOCIETY OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK: May its numbers rapidly increase, without any weakening of that bond of affection that holds together its individual members.'

When the sixth toast was given, the PRESIDENT called upon the Hon. GULIAN C. VERPLANCK to respond. 'Upon whom,' he asked, 'can we so appropriately call, as upon him who, on a recent occasion, responded to the same sentiment so eloquently, so nobly; upon him whom the Society loved and delighted to honor, as the citizen, the scholar, and the statesman?' Mr. VERPLANCK arose, amidst hearty cheering, thanked the Society for the compliment, and responded eloquently and at length to the toast. He concluded by giving as a sentiment:

'OLD AMSTERDAM: Foremost among the cities and States of the United Netherlands in throwing off the oppressor's yoke; foremost in deeds of naval enterprise, of patriotism and of courage; foremost in the jealous guardianship of constitutional rights; foremost in welcoming American Independence, and urging its recognition upon her whole country; foremost in giving us 'efficient aid' in the 'sinews of war.' May no act of her American daughter ever teach her the bitter lesson of Lear:

'How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!'

The seventh toast was responded to by the Rev. Dr. VERMILYE, Chaplain of the Society, who, always eloquent, on this occasion, if possible, almost 'surpassed himself;' all present giving the closest attention until he had finished.

The ninth toast, '*The Sister Societies*,' was prefaced with a few eloquent remarks from the PRESIDENT. Alluding to the kind and most hospitable manner in which he had been received and honored at their festive boards, he bade them, in the name of the Society, a hearty welcome, and called upon the members to join him with bumpers in honor of the toast, which was received with loud and long cheering. The compliment was duly acknowledged by the several representatives of the sister Benevolent Societies, who concluded their remarks, some of which were eloquent and humorous, with volunteer toasts. Mr. YOUNG, Vice-President of St. GEORGE'S Society, alluding to the cock which formerly ornamented the ancient Stadt-Huys, presented to the Society by Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING, and which, mounted on its pedestal in front of the PRESIDENT, still perseveringly keeps his head turned north-eastwardly, and the Yankee-Doodle, which, having an eastern and American origin, he had heard respond to the toast in honor of the President of the United States, gave:

'The Cockadoodle that we see before us, and the Yankee-Doodle that we have heard to-night: May they grow lustily and crow cheerily together until the end of time!'

By Mr. NORRIE, President of St. ANDREW'S:

'The virtues of the old Hollanders: still conspicuous in their descendants, and cherished by all the citizens of New-York.'

By Mr. BELL, President of the Friendly Sons of St. PATRICK:

'THE THREE GREAT NURSERIES OF THE UNITED STATES: Holland, Germany, and Ireland.'

By Mr. ZIMMERMAN, President of the German Society:

'THE PROSPERITY OF NEW-YORK CITY: May its past be a sure indication of what will be its future.'

Mr. DRAFER, Vice-President of the New-England Society, alluding to the eloquent remarks that had fallen from Mr. VERPLANCK, and the Reverend Chaplain of the Society, Dr. VERMILYE, responded with feeling and great spirit, and gave as his sentiment:

'MAY we who are assembled around this board do all we can to perpetuate the doctrines of Republican Liberty.'

Speeches were also made by Mr. ARMSTRONG, Secretary of the Pennsylvania

Historical Society, CHARLES KING, President of Columbia College, the Dutch Consul-General, Mr. ZIMMERMAN, and J. DE PEYSTER OGDEN, Esq., in response to compliments in their honor. Mr. OGDEN gave as a toast:

'THE THREE GREAT PILLARS OF OUR STRENGTH: OUR Union — OUR City — OUR Society.'

The second Vice-President, Dr. FRANCIS, being called upon, spoke at some length; alluding, in the course of his remarks, to the great loss the country had sustained in the death of DANIEL WEBSTER, who, he reminded them, had been their guest when last they were assembled in that hall, and had spoken for the last time in public from that very table, from his seat beside the PRESIDENT. He continued in a strain of eulogy upon the Great Statesman's character, his virtues, and his public services. Mr. JOHN VAN BUREN, Mr. J. ROMEYN BRODHEAD, Dr. R. S. KISSAM, Mr. NICHOLAS LOW, Chairman of the Stewards, and several other gentlemen, responded when called upon. Wit, eloquence, and true Saint NICOLAS good-feeling pervaded the whole proceedings, and the members separated at a late hour, more than usually gratified with the proceedings of the day and the occasion.

A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT FROM 'UP THE RIVER.' — From the 'pleasant places' where his useful and happy lot is cast, our correspondent sends forth to our readers as acceptable a New-Year's present as they could wish to receive; a casket of golden-hearted thoughts, deftly arranged, and daintily garnished with ornaments as simple as they are pure and tasteful.

— *'Up the River, December, 1852.*

'The year is passing away — passing away; but how lamb-like! The voice of 'Blustering Railer' has scarce been heard; the breeze comes soft and melting, as if hot-wafted from the aromatic South; the jolly sleigh-bells have not been tuned, and the river freely rolls within its banks. Soon, alas! it will be seen no more as a feature in the landscape. But as we prize an absent friend like gold, as one remembers beauty when departed, so I have learned to estimate the river; not when, released, it flashes in the sun, but when, like ALPHEUS, it has retreated to the shades; and when a winding-sheet of snow is on its breast, and when a glass is on its face, and, undistinguished from the common earth, its sound goes forth no more, and the granite hills stand up like monuments of its departed glory. Now its great heart throbs; its pulse ebbs and flows; its face sparkles with animation, and mirrors many a pleasing image. The winter tarries: Death has yet failed to assert his silent reign.

'Rejoice, O homeless and poverty-stricken! Truly says the sentimental one, 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.' But when He gives to it a cutting edge, and bars the living streams, He opens human hearts, and keeps the tear of Pity from being frozen. Thus while the bosom of the bounteous Earth is cold, the golden harvest is transferred to gentler zones, and RUTH goes gleanng.

'Now among the Highlands the mist ascends in the moist, unseasonable weather. It rolls in and out of the deep clefts and gorges, creeps over the table-land, and every peak smokes like a volcano. When the sun went down last night, obscured behind the hills, the eaves dripped, and presently there came a drenching rain. 'This weather cannot last, albeit it is kindly to the poor.' Presently the wind blew shrill around the house-corners, whistled down

the chimney, and then was heard shrieking and dying away afar off. 'It is chopping about; we shall have it cold toward morning.' I went to the outer door, and 'flung it freely open to the storm.' The drizzling rain had become changed to flying sleet and peppering hail, borne upon sudden gusts; the moon over the mountains waded painfully; the apple-boughs began to crackle. 'It grows colder; the year will go out like a lion.' And as it was too late to replenish the fire, I took the candle and went to bed.

'How pleasant, when you are snug and warm, to hear the crusted branches rub the panes, or the hail pelt against them like fine shot, now and then to be varied by a swash — the roaring of the winds, which makes the house jar! So wore the night; but when the morrow's sun arose, it shone upon a scene more radiant than the one which 'charmed the lad:' each rounded hill a crystal dome; the mountain-corridors all chandeliered betwixt their glassy walls; the forest-trees festooned from limb to limb with whitest wreaths; the steep declivities bristling with icy spikes sun-tipped, surmounted by a single star, and all the earth bestrewn with untold wealth, as if the *ESTERHAZYS* of the realm had swept along, and every bush bore jewels. Good my CLARK, I thought of Koh-i-noor! I never saw such cold, yet radiant emulation; gem rivalling gem, as prism flashed to prism. The stalks stood up cased in transparent mail; the sun-flower's head could boast a gaudier crown; the eaves were hung with bright stalactites; while every breeze shook down the vitreous tubes, and all the avenue sparkled. Crystallization! what a wondrous work! At last the sun, whose earliest beams imbued with rosy light the powdered heights and columns of the wafted snows, rose paramount, to absorb all lesser glories in his own. 'Fret-work and nonsense!' he appeared to say, 'what's all this tinsel?' O the sun! the sun! centre of centres! light of lights! illumining the rounded shafts and columns which uphold the universe! Whether he hangs above the spinning sphere and goes not down upon an arctic summer, gives up the temperate zones to ice and snow, or in his zodiac course, dividing day and night, stands vertical above the blazing belt which girts the earth, he is too great to tamper with illusion! Visions of the night, the unreal, the untrue, the spectral, and the unsubstantial, are dissolved like charms; while he alone, emblem of Truth, stands fixed and firm, feeding his urn from the Eternal source.

'Ye denizens of the city, who think no luxury like that of your well-walled abodes, and only rusticate awhile in June, to see the breakers beat, or to hear the streams murmur, have you no winter-palace on the rivers, and no homestead among the hills? Come out! come out! There's warmth between the ample jambs. There's beauty in the landscape, even now; and when you go to face the nipping air, you shall behold a spectacle well worth the winter-jauant. Crows' Nest, it is true, looks hoar and bleak; gigantic icicles are pendent from the rocks; and as you walk through hemlock groves, you may chance to come upon a cascade frozen, a water-fall arrested on the foaming brink, a mill-flume clogged, great rocks and boulders crusted in the stream. There is an animated play upon the pond: *GODENSKI*, or the Skaters of Wilna. I for one would not be absent from the fields to greet the early spring, to hear the blue-bird carol, or the buds crack in June; and still I love among the snow-clad hills and wintry vales to see the cloudy banks and the drifts circling about the peaks; just as in sweltering heats to watch the impending gusts, to hear the thunders roll among the mountains, to see the lightnings play, to watch the effect of light and shadow. Here are no little theatres with tawdry show, paste-board pictures; but most

magnificent, the sceneries stretch far and wide in a new phase. Here are no strings tight-strained to concert-pitch: but oh! the opera of the winter winds, soon as great BOREAS has seized the baton, and taken his seat in the high North, commanding them to blow high, to blow low, now here, now there; now screaming through serannel-pipes, now hooting as if the fiends kept concord, now rolling through the wide gaps, big mountain-gullies, with full, commanding swell, then retreating to some Sistine cell like a dying *Miserère*.

'My friend, it is my way to walk upon the porch when first I rise, to see the tintings of the rosy dawn and hail the day. This morning, on the sill of my own door, I looked upon a sad sight. Two flying-squirrels lay side by side, with wings expanded, frozen stark and stiff. The storm had wrenched the branch that overlapped their cozy nest, scattered the contents of the full granary and nutty treasures of the hollow tree, and they fell upon the threshold of the inhospitable house, to be pinched by a wind much sharper than their little teeth. How often had I seen them in the apple-orchard glide from the summit of the blossoming bough, taking the benefit of some chance zephyr, down to the distant trunk nicked into round holes by the iterating strokes of red-headed wood-pecker! How often had I watched them slant their downy sails in air, admired their sloping descent, and swift, yet gradual alightment, enough to breed a rumpling jealousy among the feathers! But when they picked a nut with delicate skill, and chiselled out the oily shavings, making a carriage for Queen MAE, 'Give the prize,' I said, 'to the fairies' coach-makers.' Creatures of grace! how different from the church-haunting bats! In school-boy days, with a slight silver chain about their necks, I have seen them nestle in the bosom of amorous boys. Petted into assurance, I have known them build their nest in a lady's work-box. The change from life to death, methinks, presents no stronger contrast than among the gracefuller and more agile animals. The fawn just glancing in your path, and the aerial picture of the deer just vanished like a shadow, the gliding of the glossy swallow, the spiritual beauty of the little squirrel, how different from the dull and lumpish forms when the electricity of life has fled!

— *January 1st, 1853*

'It is the opinion of some author, whose name and whose exact words I am unable to recall, that fixed holidays and festivals are not salutary. 'Let the young,' says he, 'be taught to draw their happiness from the present. Let them make the most of that which now is. To be looking forward or backward to some day christened 'happy' or 'merry,' is enough to breed disaffection to vulgar time, and bring a portion of the calendar into disrespect.' A worse argument, or a colder, icier tit-bit of philosophy, was never set forth. On what pinnacle of Reason does this PLATO dwell, feeding on ether, and overlooking the wants of common men? Is he wiser than SOLOMON? Imagine all the little boys in roundabouts throughout the world trained up by arbitrary injunction to be happy the whole time! Christmas is coming. What of that, my dear little fellows? Every day is alike. There is no such being as SANTA CLAUS, and never has been since chimneys were built. As to his clattering on the tiles with prancers, it is untrue. He is no where seen but in pictures, nor extolled except in the world-renowned poem of CLEMENT C. MOORE, who has thus turned his imagination to bad account. Attend to your books! Stop drawing the devil on your slates! Imagine, I say, all the solemn little urchins in a row, hemmed in by the dead walls of the school-room, and with nothing before them but an opaque

black-board. Would they not become saffron and cadayerous as the money-getting men whose year is not even bright-speckled by Sundays, and is like a monotonous dream of dollars broken in two by the explosion of Fourth-of-July cannon and snapping-crackers? What if anticipation were abolished, and the memory of past joys were no longer sweet? I hate such heresies as much as I can hate any thing when the year is span new. Blessed be the illuminated peaks of time, sun-gilt and temple-crowned, precious Neboes! Plodding through the dull hours, over the dead flats of a weary life, over the sharp rocks of arduous duty and responsibility, from the deep gulfs of dejection, I see the bright hill-top ahead. Then does the drooping wing become like the golden feathers of a dove. Sweet be the vales which lie beyond, from which we look back upon the rosy hours of the eve, the sumptuous light of the setting sun!

'Instead of having no festivals, we have need of more in a poverty-stricken calendar. The days will not be jealous of each other. Who ever heard of a fight between Monday and Tuesday? For current time will divide itself into eras—days marked by a white stone, anniversaries of joy or sorrow—which we will at least secretly cherish as they pass by. Human nature knows its own wants, and the recognition of birth-days is founded in its holiest and best laws; and if a wicked Utilitarianism should erase the Golden Letters, abrogate feasts, and untwine the festive garlands from the happiest of them all, the very act would constitute a bad anniversary. These remembrances are the very sentiment of life, and encroach upon the inroads of an essential worldliness. I think that joy is not less sacred than sorrow; the one with its coronals, the other with its sable weeds, its cypress and its rosemary; and each has its times and seasons and outward tokens. There is nothing good in the world without its tokens. No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.' Who likes to be glad in a corner, letting his stomach dimple with a stinging, chuckling, gurgling giggle? It is perfectly amazing to me, that so-called good people have taken up such a horrid antipathy to all kinds of festive customs and recreations which have sprung up in the ordinary progress of society; and they will snap the knitted hands of rosy children in an innocent dance to the sound of a viol, while they cannot shake a material lash over the subtle, sordid, immaterial spirit of greed and lust of gain. They will say, 'Can you go from these things to your bended knees?' I say boldly, and without hesitation, 'Yes.' For even the wildest hilarity, which I would condemn, excludes for the time being the gnawing worm of envy, malignities, and carking cares, unchristian discontent, and cursed feuds. And I once told a wrangling religious neighborhood, that it would give me pleasure to see them get up a furious horse-race, which I had never yet had the curiosity to witness, and bet as heavily as they liked; for I thought that the improvement of the breed of horses was a false argument for that wicked kind of sport, but it might be an improvement to the breed of men. Do not imagine that I am retained as counsel for the Union Course, or that I am a candidate for a jockey-club. I live quietly in a little house in the country, one story and a half high, from which I do not even sally upon a fox-chase; but I look out of the window, and 'scrutinize' what is going on in the world, sometimes gaily, and sometimes with a more prevailing sadness, but always with good will to men. A notion like the above I cannot help associating with the sleekness of hypocrisy, and think that the abettors of it are essentially worldly-minded. But out of whatever system it may spring, it is wrong and false and bad, throwing a doubt and a suspicion over things which ought to be as free from these as the

rose just wetted with the dews. It gives false views of life, spreads a color of jaundice over a blonde Innocence, skims off the rich cream from our daily cup, leaving a blue, sickly pool beneath. And to be fed from the rocking-cradle with this kind of mother's milk is enough to sour the hopefullest infant, the sweetest suckling—*animosus infans non sine Dis*—to an adult devil in time to come. From innate feeling, and from association, and from observation, and from reason, and from reflection, and from cultivation, I have learned to hate such notions, and I do now most heartily, as *much as I can hate any thing when the year is span new*. I do not believe that those who hold them are capable of enjoying existence as God intended it to be enjoyed. 'Because they are pious, do they think there shall be no more cakes and ale?'

'I wish you could have been with me on Christmas eve. It was a misty, dank, ungenial time without: there were no layers of snow upon the hemlocks; there were no piping winds and snapping cold, such as we consider not unpleasant or unseasonable for the time. There is an ancient homestead on the river's brink, large, hereditary, full of comfort, rich in reminiscence. *There* was the order of the CINCINNATI formed. Over against those jambs, now blazing with cheerful light, they sat and mused, those venerable men in days which tried men's souls. Largely enclosed with fertile acres, the house stands yet with uncorrupted timbers, and with snug, warm roof to overlook the classical dominion. Here for an hundred years the Christmas day has not gone by without a merry meeting and urchinal laughter enough to make the walls crack.

'Now as I sat at the festal board, and in due course of time saw the Boar's Head brought in, a host of pleasant fancies came over me. Merry Old England! I thought of thee, thou green isle of the ocean, but my mind reverted not to feudal halls, but holy homes. Pictures of pictures! could we peep within, what groupings of youth and beauty on this day in that favored land! The rich red blood of chivalric times still courses as if it had just gushed from the original fount. Olden usage is not yet dead. Keep up the time-honored customs. Reflect, like true philosophers, how much of our happiness we owe to little things. Chase not away those bright smiles from the faces of the young, because the cheeks now radiant with animation have in days gone by, as, alas! they will be yet again, trickled over by tears.

'Of all festivals in the year, Christmas is most looked for with eager joy. Short as the days of December are, the approach of the season brings with it a contagious joy. All classes feel it, and it appears to me when the day comes, that there are no such men as Turks, Jews, Heretics, and Infidels. Again in the air we hear the sweet echoes of the angels' chorus, 'Peace on earth, good-will to all mankind.'

'A merry Christmas! Who will be so sour as to think the epithet is ill-applied? For now we take back the wandering prodigals once more to our hearts; the erring or the ungrateful who have strayed far from our genuine love. It is meet that we should make merry and be glad. But how much more when we are commanded by the voice of God, since now His only Son, who was no prodigal, recovered from the 'far country' of the grave, returns again to the bereaved earth! 'It is meet that we should make merry and be glad, for this my Son was dead, and is alive again; was lost, and is found.' Now is the season of gifts. And what more precious, what more fairy-like in the tenure of its boon, than a heart-given gift? Dig out a lump of gold from the rich earth; get it by hard toil betwixt the day-light and the dark; and it is dull, lack-lustre lead, in comparison. You can lock it; you can grasp it; you can

gloat over it: but can you *smile-weep* over it, as if it came from an angel in the skies? What if it be a booklet, stamped upon its pure leaves with the delicate creations of art and with the lovely fancies of a poet? What if it be a holy book of prayer? Lay it up among the archives, among the arcana, in the treasure-house of pleasant things, where the thief shall never steal it from your possession, and the dust of forgetfulness shall never cover it!

'But behold, the Christmas-tree has up-sprung with a magic growth. It is no twig, no bushlet, no crooked, gnarled, ugly branch, wrenched off in haste or tossed aside by the Boreal winds, but a veritable, ample, bright-leaved tree, culled with the choicest care from the heart of the woods; and no sooner is it implanted in the ample drawing-room, laden with its treasures and blazing with innumerable waxen tapers, than a juvenile band burst through the hitherto enclosed barriers, and dance around it with uproarious merriment:

'COME, knit hands and beat the ground
In a light fantastic round.'

Never with more earnest zest could the golden fruit be picked in the gardens of the Hesperides. The rosy-footed JENNY abounds in presents, and baskets filled with sugar-plums are pendent from her plump arms; CROM and BOB and MARY are so endowed and decorated that CROESUS was not more rich. The fruitage-bearing boughs shake down their treasures for the old and young.

'There is a bright stretch of days betwixt merry Christmas and New-Year's, like a gulf between two hills filled with sun. On New-Year's eve it was a pleasant spectacle to see once more assembled the same happy troop, the rosy-footed JENNY beaming with smiles as in a halo of light. At midnight, when the watches were compared and they were seeing the old year out, the young people got hold of all the bells in the house, down to one composed of the metal of ancient Trinity. Well, it is only once a year. *Bonum est desipere in loco*. But when the sounds had ceased, and sleep came down on juvenile lids, and midnight shed her essential stillness on the scene, we stood before the blazing hearth, W. and I, and spoke of CHARLES. Could any one like he embalm such memories? Oh! when I think of him as one writing with a dove's quill dipped into the very humors of his dear heart, picturing those tender fancies, those matchless portraits, those indefinable graces which only yielded to the transfer of *his* power, I am ready to snap the ink-drops from this pen of mine, and go and drop a tear upon his tomb. Never did the rills of thought wear themselves through so sweetly a romantic channel. I cannot get by when I go in company with him. Here there is a bower to rest in; there I see the blue sky, or bank-side flowers, mirrored in the pool; then again the agitation of the sweet water. But oh! that Essay on the New Year! 'We will read it,' said W. Then commenced a long search upon the well-filled shelves. In vain the candle was held now low among the ponderous tomes of rich divinity and classic lore; in vain high up to the aerial realms of metaphysics and the Aldine bards. I saw a record to the fame of stately JOHNSON; I glanced upon the polished wit of ADDISON; I read the names of WYCHERLY and CONGREVE, golden-lettered; but LAMB, with all his subtle charms, lay hid. Nay, do not flare the candle to the right. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER! My word for it, now, that CHARLES cannot be far. And sure enough. In meek seclusion, deferring in his modest merits to more sounding names, he stood apart. With a sort of triumph we bore him to the cheerful hearth, and with his charming page beguiled ourselves until the peep of dawn, to hear him moralize in his own way, and to listen to his own words flowing like a silver stream.

F W S.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — We rather incline to the opinion, that the following essay on '*Freedom of Speech*,' as applied to novel-writing and poetry, will not be lost upon our readers. It has made *us* laugh hugely, from its composite satire, and the mellifluous nonsense of the 'specimens:' 'I was taught when young that in order to write well I must be careful to use words in their established and familiar meanings, and that in order to do this, I must know precisely what I meant, as well as how to say it. Upon these fundamental rules I practised many years, and am purposely adhering to them in these prefatory observations, for the purpose of showing their necessary tendency to produce a dry and rigid style. Another rule of the same kind is the one requiring some coherence in the thoughts, if not a close logical connection. By adhering to this antiquated method for some years I was at last convinced that I could never accomplish any thing by means of it, and under this conviction was about to abandon the whole effort in despair, when it was happily suggested to my mind, that these rules of composition were tyrannical restrictions imposed by arbitrary power on the human mind, and therefore gross violations of that precious and inalienable birth-right, FREEDOM OF SPEECH. This idea I soon carried out to its remotest consequences, and thus reached the conclusion, that the customary requisition of precision in the use of words, distinctness in the thoughts, and coherent unity in the discourse, is ruinous to all ease and fertility in writing, and that a general emancipation of men's minds from this degrading bondage would inevitably flood the world with an abundance and variety of writings, both in prose and verse, sufficient to supply the whole race with 'light reading' to the end of time. Were this discovery introduced into colleges and schools, and there allowed to supersede the old and worthless rules of rhetoric, who knows but that every man, nay, every child, might soon become an author? That a consummation so devoutly to be wished is not by any means chimerical, I undertake to prove by my own experience. I have said already that I never could write any thing at all satisfactory to myself or others, on the ancient method. But no sooner did I make this great discovery, than a multitude of rich veins were opened in my mind, and I was able, with a very slight expenditure of time and labor, to supply the columns of a dozen periodicals with essays, tales, and sonnets, not only pleasing to myself but perfectly congenial to the taste of the contemporary public, which has long since given me a place among its choicest favorites. Let me illustrate the foregoing statement by a few examples. Had I been required, under the old régime, to write a chapter of historical romance, full of local and personal allusions and well stuffed with dates and proper names, I might have spent whole years in searching libraries, without being able to assure myself that I was right on any one point of geography or history. But in writing on the new plan, I am freed from the necessity of pausing for a moment to consult authorities, or even to recall my long-lost knowledge. I have only to give free loose to my thoughts, and write as fast as I can move the pen, in order to produce any given quantity of matter like the following, which I hereby certify to be the genuine product of my method, furnished instantaneously, and for this occasion.' We beg the reader to remark the musical flow, the entire 'novel-style,' of the 'specimen' that ensues. It purports to come from '*The Fandango of Osiris*,' a work 'without which no library can be considered complete.' Just listen to your own voice as the words

of the extract fall trippingly from the tongue, and say if you have not encountered similar 'easy reading' before:

'On the green banks of the Ipecacuanha, near the base of the majestic Pampas, lived in early times a saponaceous Barbican, descended from the royal Serf of ancient OPED&LDOC. In his small but comfortable saraband, composed of green viaticum and aromatic certiorari, this neglected surrogate enjoyed a varicose retirement with his only child, the fair SARSAPARILLA. Oft in the stilly night, the traveller, as he crossed the Gutta Percha, or gazed from the summit of Papyrus on the valleys of Neuralgio, has heard the voice of this insensate anodyne, as she swept the chords of her bandanna, and poured forth one of the sciatic capsules of her native Gypsum. Sometimes her plastic form was seen, hypothetically muffled in an olla podrida of dark senna, or more abstrusely veiled in a habeas corpus of thin centipede. One morning in the spring of the year 1539, soon after the defeat of the Pragmatic Sanction on the field of Bonafide by the gallant Discourt, as the aged Barbican was sitting with his daughter at a table of highly polished emory, partaking of stewed parasangs and neuter verbs, the shrill sound of a chrysolite aroused them, and the form of a Fandango, clad in chloroform and armed with a calvinistic diaphragm, appeared before them. SARSAPARILLA trembled as she gazed upon the obese stranger; then applying her lips to a catapult of silver, which she wore suspended by a bill of lading, she uttered a cameo so subdued and piercing, that the fierce Fandango grasped his tocsin and withdrew into the ottoman.'

'So much for romantic fiction; but this method is equally effective in declamatory eloquence. When a boy at school and college, I could never write a speech to save my life or credit. Why? Because I foolishly waited till I should know what I meant to say, and could find words exactly to express it. But now, you have only to suggest a theme, and I am ready to declaim upon it ad infinitum. Let us take, for example, the subject of a Fourth-of-July speech, touching, among other matters, upon the down-fall of Hungary:

'AMIDST the wild swell of tumultuous misanthropy, careering upon the asteroids of public grief, methinks I see an oleaginous paralogism slowly ascending from the miasmatic vestibules of hapless Hungary. From a thousand viaducts of blooming iodine, the poor mephitic paynims of Bulgaria and Tyrol mingle their beatific sighs with those of aboriginal siroccos. Oh, what a diatribe of curses must distil upon the petrified antennæ of the tyrant, as he sits devout upon his callous throne, and wields his nascent and sporadic sceptre! From the unctuous pinions of the palsied eagle, as he flaps them over the inchoat altar, there exudes a palinode of arid tears, enough to cauterize the iris of a Goth or Vandal, while from each tear an apoplectic whisper fills the lurid ear of benedictine Europe with the galvanizing distich, *Vox populi! — Kossuth go bragh!*'

'With equal ease I can apply my method to the most abstruse metaphysical inquiries, which of old only served to give me a head-ache or a fit of nausea. At that time I would just as soon have undertaken to square the circle as to venture an opinion upon any question of philosophy; but now I am ready at a moment's warning, to grapple with the hardest; for example, with the '*Diagnosis of the I and the Not I*:'

'Assuming, as we safely may, that all the reflex actings of the rational idea toward the pole of semi-entirely are naturally complicated with a tissue of non-negative impressions, which can only be disintegrated by a process of spontaneous and intuitive abstraction, it inevitably follows, as a self-sustaining corollary, that the isolated, the connatural conceptions, formed in this ante-speculative stage of intellectual activity, must be reflected on the faculty itself, or, to speak with philosophical precision, on the I, when viewed concretely as the Not-I; and in this reciprocal self-reproduction, carried on by the direct and transverse action of the Reason and the Understanding, modified of course by those extraneous and illusory perceptions, which can never be entirely excluded from the mutual relations of the pure intelligence on the one hand, and the mixed operations of the will and the imagination on the other, may be detected even by an infant eye the true solution of this great philosophical enigma, the one sole self-developing criterion of the elemental difference between the Not-I and the I.'

'I might multiply these specimens for ever, with the utmost ease and pleasure to myself; for it is really delightful to write on, *currente calamo*, without the

trouble or anxiety of finding either thoughts or words; but my decreasing paper warns me to conclude, and I shall therefore only add one other sample, which indeed I could not possibly omit, without gross injustice to myself and my discovery. However useful this might be in helping the whole population, old and young, male and female, to write prose with a fertility and ease almost appalling, it would not after all claim a stand-point in the first rank of historical discoveries, if it did not afford equal aid in the production of good poetry. I know that it is like showing the brick as a sample of the house to give a single specimen of my poetical manufacture; but as I cannot now do more, and certainly shall not do less, I proceed at once to plan and execute a beautiful '*Impromptu to the Spirit of Dreams*.'

I.

'How evanescent and marine
Are thy chaotic uplands seen,
O ever sublapsarian moon!
A thousand caravans of light
Were not so spherically bright
Or ventilated half so soon!

II.

'Methought I stood upon a cone
Of solid allopathic stone,
And gazed athwart the breezy skies;
When lo, from yonder planisphere,
A rapid atrabilious tear
Was shed by pantomimic eyes.

III.

'Adieu, MIASMA!' cries a voice,
In which ALLEPO might rejoice,
So perifocal were its tones;
'Adieu, MIASMA! think of me
Beyond the antinomian sea,
Which covers my pellucid bones!'

IV.

'Again, again, my bark is tossed
Upon the raging holocaust
Of that acidulated sea;
And diaspsons pouring down
With lunar-caustic join to drown
My transcendental epopee!'

'With equal ease and equal elegance, I hereby pledge myself to write instant any quantity of prose or verse, on any subject known or unknown, at the lowest market prices. Should additional examples be required, I hold myself in readiness to furnish them in any measure, style, or quantity, at a moment's warning, with a view not only to my personal emolument, but also to the demonstration of my darling dogma, that the grand prerequisite to universal authorship is neither genius, sense, nor taste, but unrestricted and irrevocable *Freedom of Speech*!' - - - We derive the following from a welcome correspondent at New-Haven, (Conn.) The sketch will remind the reader, in some of its features, of DICKENS' 'Parlor Orator':

'IN our place (no matter where) we have a quiet English ale-house, kept by an honest, obstinate, and clever (American clever) old 'JOHNNY BULL,' whom we will call JIMMY POND. JIMMY is just such another fellow as old JOHN WILLET, of the 'Maypole' inn; comes down on a man in the same way that JOHN (before he went 'to the Salwanners') used to come down on little SOLOMON DAISY, when SOLOMON ventured to say that the moon rose at a certain hour: 'Never you mind about the moon. Do n't you trouble yourself about her. You let the moon alone, and I'll let you alone.' Now JIMMY POND will interfere when a party of gentlemen are talking together—when, too, JIMMY has n't the slightest idea of the topic—with: 'Gents, allow me to correct you; 'ear what I've got to say first.' And then he tangles himself up in a sentence without the slightest meaning; a sentence that would make JACK BUNSNY (if JACK could be present) nod his head with emphatic approval. But JIMMY has a cheerful reading-room, capital old 'XX' beer, 'Punch,' and all the London papers, and above all, when the night is cold and stormy, a glowing fire in the grate: so 'peoples' have taken no offence 'as yet.'

'It is funny to see sometimes how JIMMY flatters himself he is doing a large business, when in fact, there is no one in but himself; quietly sitting in a corner, stealing a glance at JIMMY, now and then, over the edge of a newspaper or a pewter 'pint-pot.' In the middle of JIMMY's reading-room there is a large round table: at this table he usually sits, with 'suthink warm' before him. Well, JIMMY takes a few sips of the fluid, and then fancies he 'ears a order' from a customer, and goes to the bar for another glass. He continues to hear orders until he gets five or six drinks located at different points on the centre-table, and then (I have often thought that he must plan it) he revolves round the great shiny board until all the 'brandys-and-waters' am imbibed.' Seen it repeatedly.

JIMMY generally has plenty of patrons. Students, wrapped in shawls, and wearing slouched felt-hats, talking of 'Profs,' 'prayers,' and poetry, and recitations; Englishmen, drinking 'arf-and-arf,' and discussing the merits of 'BOBBY' PEELE and 'JOHNNY' RUSSELL, or perhaps laughing at D'ISRAELI for stealing 'a eulogy' from a Frenchman. All kinds of characters round to JIMMY POND'S.

I was into JIMMY'S house some time ago, looking over a number of the 'Illustrated News'—the number containing a representation of the great 'Craig Telescope.' JIMMY was 'on' the search for Sir JOHN FRANKLIN, and when I directed his attention to the big telescope, it put a somewhat brilliant idea into his head. JIMMY POND gave it as his opinion, that a decided majority of mankind were perfect fools. 'Ere,' said he, 'expeditions after expeditions has been fitted out to 'unt for Sir JOHN: they go way up among polarized bears and hicc-bergs, and suffer amazingly from cold and 'unger. Wot do they take to look for him with?—I ask you. They takes a d—n little spy-glass—that's wot they takes!' (A stupid Englishman, who had been asleep by the fire, here opened his eyes, and said 'Ear! 'ear!' and then went to sleep again.) 'W'ereas,' continued JIMMY, 'if they took a instrument similar to that,' (pointing to the picture,) 'they would be able to see a uncommon distance, and consequently could detect Sir JOHN'S vessel, providing he still survives.' JIMMY seemed really frightened when he had finished his speech: he had the look of a man who had gone a little too deep into science, and had made himself liable to some scientific inquisition. I hazarded the remark, that a telescope eighty-three feet long would not only be inconvenient on board of a craft, but would possess no superiority over one of ordinary size, on account of the convexity of the water. But I was promptly and deservedly 'put down' by a cutler, a file-cutter, and the man who had been slumbering by the fire. JIMMY POND rubbed his forehead with a red handkerchief, and seemed to feel that he had made a splendid discovery, and if his friends felt disposed to back it up, they could do so.

THERE is a satirical hit in the following which 'bites shrewdly:

L A Y O F T H E D I S C O N T E N T E D .

'Oh, tell me not of happiness,
'Contentment,' and such stuff!
I want a lot of things to bless
My life, just now so rough.

'I want a younger wife, or two,
Well educated, fair;
Mine's *passé*, and (though fondly true)
Begins to lose her hair.

'I sigh for station, power, and fame;
Of wealth I want 'a heap';
I would not mind much how it came,
Nor who it caused to weep.

'I want, when strutting on my way
With clothing rich and rare,
To have folks lift their hats, and say,
'That's the great millionaire!'

'I'd like a splendid house to buy—
Fifth Avenue—or so;

And have my menials: then I'd cry,
'You fellows! Come!' or 'Go!'

'Then in some church I'd have a pew,
The creed—no matter which;
The cushions should be soft and new,
The congregation—rich!

'I'd have rare food, and plate, and wine,
Horses and carriage grand;
Pictures and gems and statues fine—
Great rings upon my hand.

'New Era! haste thy coming day;
Equality! begin;
'Tis time—the rich have had their day—
For principles to win.

'Ye laws that make us poor men cower,
Your time's near up, I think.
Let's see: our club meets in an hour,
I'll go and take a drink!'

ONE of the counties of the State of Connecticut, ('as we are informed and believe,') boasts of a Judge who, though poorly furnished with those little refinements usually met with in polished society, is an energetic, shrewd man, and a promising lawyer. A neighbor of his, some weeks ago, was about to give away his daughter in marriage, and having a deep-rooted dislike to the clerical profession, and being determined, as he said, 'to have no infernal parson in his house,' he sent for his friend, the Judge, to perform the ceremony. The Judge came, and the candidates for the connubial yoke taking their places before him, he thus addressed the bride: 'You swear you will marry this man?' 'Yes, Sir,' was the reply. 'And you' (to the bride-groom) 'swear you will marry this woman?' 'Well, I do,' said the groom. 'Then,' says the Judge, 'I swear you're married!' 'A very excellent citizen of this place,' writes the friend who sends us the above,

'whose benevolence is proverbial in all the region round about, and who likes to refer to his self-made fortune, was the other day giving counsel to a young friend, in whose welfare he took much interest. 'Rely on it, young man,' he said, 'there is a tide in the affairs of men which, as SHAKESPEARE says, if taken at *low tide*, leads them on to fortune.' That quotation is more than equal to another I came across recently in a newspaper, by which a well-known passage from the Bible was made to read: 'First take the beam out of thine own eye, and then thou shalt see clearly *the stick* in thy brother's!' By the way, I was pleased with a touching description in your 'Editor's Table' for January, of a blind girl's restoration of sight; but it struck me rather queerly, that she should express her astonishment that the doctor was so white. Being born blind, how had she learned to distinguish colors? Had n't that doctor an axe to grind?' 'Not knowing, can't say.' - - - Mr. W. SCHAUS has just returned from Europe with a beautiful collection of engravings and artists' materials, to which we call the attention of all lovers of the Fine Arts. Among the many choice engravings to be seen at his establishment, Number 303, Broadway, (up-stairs,) we will mention a few which seem to us worthy specimens of Modern Art: ALEXANDER and DIOGENES; Crossing the Bridge; The Drive; Highland Drovers; Laying down the Law; The Monarch of the Glen; The Otter Hunt; Peace; War; Random Shot; Sentinel, by Sir EDWIN LANDSEER; CHRIST Weeping over Jerusalem; Italian Pilgrims, by EASTLAKE; Ancient Italy; Modern Italy; Ancient Carthage, by the late TURNER; HARVEY demonstrating his Theory of the Circulation of the Blood, by HANNAH; Feeding the Horse; The Halt, after HERRING; various works by CONSTABLE, HARDING, COOPER, LANCE, WEBSTER, etc.; forming a magnificent collection of works of the modern English school. Mr. SCHAUS's port-folio of rare line-engravings, after RAPHAEL, MURILLO, and RUBENS, is exceedingly rich, and hours may be pleasantly spent in overlooking the same. Of the modern French school, we notice: CHRISTUS Consolator; CHRISTUS Remunerator; MIGNON Regretting her Native Land; MIGNON Sighing for Heaven; St. CECILIA; FRANCISCA DI RIMINI; FAUST and MARGARET; Childhood is Charitable, by ARY SCHEFFER; NAPOLEON Crossing the Alps; NAPOLEON at Fontainebleau; Portrait of NAPOLEON; Pilgrims at Rome; A Head of CHRIST; Angel GABRIEL; Lord STRAFFORD; St. CECILIA, by PAUL DELAROCHE; THAMAR and JUDAH; JUDITH; HAGAR; REBECCA; LA VAIALA; RAPHAEL and MICHAEL ANGELO, by HORACE VERNET. Our limited space will not permit us to enter into more detail of Mr. SCHAUS's collection of engravings. We will only say, that his assortment comprises over six thousand prints, divided in series of historical, Scriptural and moral, miscellaneous, portraits, sporting, graceful, serious, and comical engravings; beside the finest assortment of studies, by JULIEN, CALAME, FEEAGIO, HUBERT, etc., suitable for artists and schools, ever brought to this country. Our artist-friends will equally be pleased with the various materials for painting and drawing, selected by Mr. SCHAUS from the best houses in London and Paris. - - - A FRIEND who lately took a business-trip to Pittsburgh and Cincinnati, expresses himself highly pleased with the 'Queen City of the West,' already so great, and yet so rapidly increasing. He says that 'it comes as natural for the young bucks of Cincinnati to talk of swine, as it does for the little children in France to speak French.' The increasing price of pigs is discussed, even in the parlors of the famous BURNETT-House. But he says the greatest place on the Ohio river is POMEROY, or 'Coal-Port,' which has a continuous front of five miles on the river, and extends back as far as you can see! Just below Parkersburg, Virginia, as

he was rapidly moving down the Ohio in the beautiful packet-steamer PITTSBURGH, commanded by Captain HUGH CAMPBELL, he passed the island rendered so famous years ago by the connection of AARON BURR with the then owner of it, who had made it almost a paradise. He was informed by a fellow-passenger that that was BLANEY HAZARD's Island; and he was farther entertained by a description of the sumptuous style in which old BLANEY HAZARD lived on that beautiful island in the Ohio! - - - A LIVELY Philadelphia contemporary, who, it is just possible, may have some musical friend who has been less successful before the public, wonders why Mr. DEMPSTER, the distinguished Scottish vocalist, with songs and ballads oft-repeated, and 'simple' at that, and with only the aid of a piano, 'should be able, night after night, to entertain crowds of Philadelphians, in long succession.' The 'marvel' is easily solved: *the people like his performances.* In Albany, recently, Mr. DEMPSTER returned over two hundred dollars at the door, to persons for whom there was not room in the large hall where he gave his concerts—'simple' as they were. - - - WE are glad again to hear from Professor SPHINX. Although he speaks, as usual, in allegory, yet observe how pungent he is; how he 'keeps due on' and 'never lets up,' until his moral is educed from the toughest and knottiest theme:

Noba Fabula.

BY G. SPHINX, MASTER OF ARTS, AND LATE DIRECTOR OF A PLANE-ROAD COMPANY.

TO WHICH IS ADDED ONE ANECDOTE, TRANSLATED EXPRESSLY FOR THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE FROM THE WRITINGS OF DIODORUS SICULUS

I. THE LION WITH A TENDER CONSCIENCE.

'A coutry old gormandizer of a lion lay in his cave on a litter of dead men's bones, glutting himself with the blood of women and children, which his servants brought to him from all quarters of the earth. An attendant announced that His Majesty's eldest son, who had left the paternal cave many years before to seek his fortune, had returned, and wished to pay his respects to the governor.

"So that ungrateful 'ound has come back, has he?" cried the King of Beasts, mumbling a baby's skull between his old failing molars. "What does he look like, and be — to him?"

"Big and dang'rous, your Majesty," the attendant said. "He growls like distant thunder, and cracks his tail like a cart-whip. He is thought to look like your Majesty."

"Hum!" grunted the old lion. "Show him in. But stop. Wot kind of a character does he bear? It seems to me that we have heard some complaints against him; which is werry odd, for I took partic'lar pains to teach him the catechism myself, when he was a cub, and gave him lessons in humility every Saturday night."

"Oh, Sire," the attendant said, "he generally behaves himself pretty well, considering; but he has somehow got a liking for human flesh, and now and then eats a man up."

"Wot a 'orrible and hextro'd'nary circumstance!" roared this old lion. "Go tell the 'orrid young cannibal that I can't set me eyes on him without 'orror. Its tchoo 'orrid for belief! And after all his lessons in humility and the catechism, too! I can't be'old him. Bid him begone; but say to him, that me prayers are daily offered in his be'alf."

II. HOW SCIENCE AND POLITICAL ECONOMY, LINKED ARM IN ARM, ROASTED APPLES ON AN IMPROVED PLAN.

'A CERTAIN Political Economist, who was also an adept in scientific agriculture, being grieved at the abuses existing in the present mode of roasting apples, called his neighbors together one spring morning, and addressed them thus: 'I have long suspected, my friends, that the mode of producing roasted apples which has prevailed from the earliest ages down to the present time is attended with the most frightful waste of labor, and consequently of national wealth. I am happy to state, that I have at last been able to base my views on this subject on the most satisfactory data. I am now in the possession of statistics which prove incontrovertibly that

the amount of labor annually applied in the United States to the processes of placing the apples in pans, putting the pans into ovens, and afterward removing the same, is sufficient, if employed in producing hats, boots, suspenders, broom-sticks, darning-needles, shoe-pegs, or pitch-forks, or other subjects of national wealth, to augment the aggregate wealth of the country by a sum total of two hundred and twenty-seven thousand one hundred and sixty-six dollars and thirty-four cents! I have called you together, my friends, not merely for the purpose of holding up to your view this appalling fact, but also for the purpose of showing you how, by the application of scientific processes to pomoculture, society may be adequately supplied with roasted apples, while at the same time nine-tenths of the labor now necessary to their production may be diverted to other channels of industry; namely, to the production of hats, shoe-pegs, suspenders, saddles, putty, red flannel, and so forth, greatly to the increase of national wealth and the promotion of brotherhood, unity, and hope, in all the phases of our common humanity. Follow me, friends, to my orchard.'

'The Political Economist then conducted his neighbors to the orchard, and showed them a large heap of combustibles at the foot of each tree. Then without deigning farther explanation, he applied a torch to the fagots, and in a short time the trees were burned as white as sycamores.

'Behold, O my friends!' he cried in triumph to the astonished by-standers, 'the sublime spectacle of Science, linked arm in arm with Public Economy, descending from the clouds to roast apples! Go home, my friends, and follow my example, and then commence the production of hats, boots, shoe-pegs, putty, pig-iron, sheetings, pitch-forks, or suspenders, or other subjects of national wealth; for is it not manifest, that if you roast your apple-trees in the May, your apples will grow already roasted in October?'

ANECDOTE OF ARISTOBULUS THE PHILOSOPHER: RELATED BY DIODORUS SICULUS.

'ARISTOBULUS, the Athenian philosopher, being asked by the tyrant DIONYSIUS what was the difference between an Indian and an Irishman, replied: 'The one carries a bow and arrow, while the other carries a 'oe and barrow.'

WE believe (and some of our readers will agree with us) that there is much truth in the '*Science of Social Geology*,' as set forth by a Canadian correspondent. He says: 'The most superficial student of geology must be aware that the globe is formed of a series of layers of earth, arranged something after the manner of the skins composing an onion; which—the layers, not the skins—are called '*strata*,' although the appellation at first sight certainly appears an erroneous one, for nothing could possibly be crookeder. Well, each of these '*strata*' exhibits traces of different species of animals, from the oyster and the cockle to the lion and man. It is supposed that the earth was at one time inhabited by nothing but confusion, afterward by vegetables, subsequently by fish; and so it went on improving, until mankind generally adorned its surface. Now I have lately discovered that there is an extraordinary similarity between the construction of the earth and the arrangement of a drawing-room card-basket. In the latter you find the Lord FRIZINGSTRIKES and Sir SIMON SOMETHINGS occupying the first layer; the second is composed of officers of the line; the third of doctors, a Christino Major or two, and a few company's officers; and so on to the end of the chapter, that is, of the cards; until at last humble Mr. SMITH stops the scientific research. A great deal of tin and brass is to be found toward the surface; and there are also veins of mourning to be discovered, which correspond to those of coal in the earth, although the former proceed from decayed animal rather than vegetable matter. You may also occasionally meet with the fossil remains of an invitation to some mammoth ball, whose grimy appearance betokens its primeval date.' - - - THE BROTHERS HARPER have in press a work by MRS. MARY ANNE DENNISON, assistant-editor of the Boston '*Olive Branch*' weekly journal. It is entitled '*Home Pictures*,' and we predict for it, from a

hasty perusal of some of the proof-sheets, no common success. MRS. DENNISON writes poetry as well as prose, that is often remarkable for its originality and beauty. Take the following lines, for example, from *'The Song of the Coffin-Maker,'* recently published:

'Rat, tap, tap:
With a short and a gasping breath,
'While I am making this lining of lead,
Many are dying, many are dead —
'T is nothing, I live on death.

'Rat, tap, tap:
The mother is weeping wild;
For this rustling satin so fine and white,
All crumpled and plaited, will fold to-night
The brow of her sinless child.

'Rat, tap, tap:
How the rose-wood shines in the sun!
'T is a costly coffin, with silver screws,
But not too dainty for Death to use,
Or the worm to revel on.

'Rat, tap, tap:
Line it with taste and care;
For the bride shall sleep on a bosom to-morrow
That never knew love and that never felt sorrow,
Yet burdens of both must bear.'

We beg to express, as our decided opinion, that the whitest, purest, and most beautiful specimens of porcelain ware we ever beheld, are two superb pitchers, presented by the manufacturers, MESSRS. CARLIDGE AND COMPANY, of Green Point, Long-Island, to Dr. N. DODGE, the eminent dentist, of Ninth-street, near Broadway. With *such* manufacturers, we can defy all foreign competition. Nothing, in fact, could be more truly tasteful. - - - Our readers would find themselves much interested and amused in the perusal of a large and very profusely-illustrated volume, entitled *'Comparative Physiognomy, or Resemblances between Men and Animals,'* by JAMES W. REDFIELD, M. D. Some three hundred and thirty engravings are given to illustrate the writer's theory, many of which really seem strikingly to support it, while others appear caricatured, in order to convey the resemblance. We give a single example, with the accompanying 'illustration:'

'The faculty of acquisitiveness operates as a leading motive in the character of the goat and of those who resemble him, and it dovetails with the faculties before mentioned most admirably. Who has not observed the thievish propensities of this animal, and how boldly he exercises them in connection with combativeness, and how impudently in connection with combativeness and subterfuge? We could not bring a stronger example of the action of this faculty in the particular way which constitutes a resemblance to the goat, than in the Israelite. Boldness and impudence are cheap in those places where the 'old-clo' men congregate; and what we have already said of the love of antiquity, and of old smells, and of bodily excretions, explains the partiality manifested by these people for trading in cast-off garments, old furniture, and the like. The goat which this person resembles is similar to a sheep, but the similarity serves to heighten the distinction.'

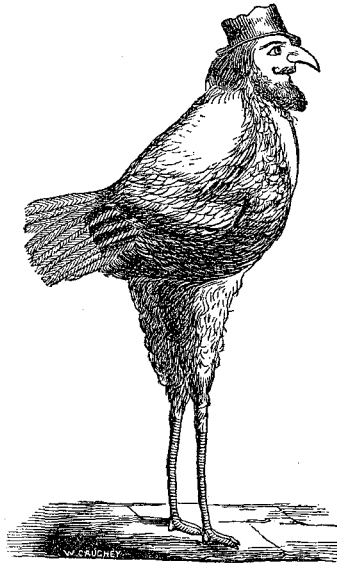


A friend of ours, who is a staunch believer in this theory of Mr. REDFIELD's, has furnished us with an original illustration of the correctness of the doctrine,

in the 'persons' of *The Chinese* and the *Broadway Shanghai*; and here they are before you:



ORIGINAL SHANGHAI.



BROADWAY SHANGHAI.

The resemblance will strike the reader as being sufficiently near to establish the theory in question beyond all peradventure! - - - *The New-York Illustrated News* is the title of a new pictorial, not unlike its London namesake in appearance, recently established, with abundant means, by Messrs. BARNUM AND BEACH. It will prove, in all its departments, pictorial and literary, a formidable rival to the English work. The engravings are excellent, the paper and printing good, and it is edited with evident industry and undeniable tact and skill. It has our warm wishes for its success. We are not at all surprised to learn that its success, already, is 'enormous;' and yet its career has but just begun. - - - Our correspondents all over the country know well that we love the 'little folk,' and they are very kind in sending us characteristic anecdotes of them. The following came in a single mail: 'While reading the 'KNICK' this evening, for the benefit of our little family circle, *'our Jule'* (four and a half years old) says: 'Father, if mother should sit in a chair and you should want it, you would say, 'Get *up*, dear,' wouldn't you?' 'Yes,' said I. 'But,' said she, 'if I should sit in a chair you wanted, you would say, 'Get *down*, dear?' 'Yes.' 'Well, what is the difference?' said she; and as if perfectly satisfied that she had given utterance to a poser, she replaced her thumb in her mouth again, and looked side-wise with a roguish smile on her countenance.' — 'GERTRUDE, a womanly little girl of the mature age of six years, undertook to instruct her little brother as to the origin of Christmas. 'To-day is JESUS' birth-day, FREDDY,' said she. 'Will JESUS have a party, den?' inquired little FRED. I have been in the habit of giving my children a party of their little friends on the anniversary of their birth, which constitutes FRED's whole idea of a birth day. I was passing a blacksmith's shop with him one day, and as he 'looked in

at the open door,' he witnessed the operation of shoeing a horse. 'See, mamma, see!' he exclaimed, 'dey makin' a horse now; dey got him most done—see! see!'—A LITTLE fellow just in trowsers was observed to be an attentive listener, while a chapter from the New Testament was read. A few minutes after his little sister cried, and the mother perceived that the boy had spit in the sister's face. The mother reproved the child for his rudeness, when the little fellow stammered out, 'Ma, did n't they spit in Jesus' face?'—A LITTLE boy had his first pocket-knife, and for several days used it himself, and extended the privilege of the occasional use of his treasure to his little play-mates. One evening he was kneeling at his mother's knee, saying his customary prayer, which he closed up in these words: 'And please God, give little JIMMY BAILEY a knife of his own, so he won't want to borrow mine all the time!'—A LITTLE girl had seen her brother playing with his burning-glass, and had heard him talk about the 'focus. Not knowing what the word 'focus' meant, she consulted the dictionary, and found that the focus was 'the place where the rays meet.' At dinner, when the family were assembled, she announced, 'as grand as could be,' that she knew the meaning of *one* hard word. Her father asked her what it was: she said it was the word 'focus.' 'Well,' said he, 'MARY, what does it mean?' 'Why,' she replied, 'it means a place where they raise calves!' This of course raised a great laugh; but she stuck to her point, and produced her dictionary to prove that she was right. 'There,' said she, triumphantly: 'Focus, a place where the rays meet.' Calves are meat, and if they raise meat, they raise calves, and so I am right, ain't I, father?'—A LITTLE boy stood watching from a window a sunset, a few evenings ago. As he gazed, he saw a golden-edged cloud rest upon a hill-top in the far-off distance. The cloud seemed to repose there for a time, as if hushing the winds to sleep in its bosom. Suddenly turning to his mother, the little fellow exclaimed: 'Mother! is God in that cloud?' 'Yes, my dear.' 'Couldn't I climb up there?' 'Oh no!' 'Oh yes, I could! I would put a ladder on the hill and rest it on the cloud, and then I would climb up, up, till I came where God was, and then I would put my arms around His neck, and kiss Him, and give Him an apple!' - - - We had the very great pleasure to be one of the large party who were on board the *caloric steamer ERICSSON*, when she made her recent trial-trip. Nothing could be more completely triumphant than the success of the new *motor*, discovered and perfected by one of the most eminent scientific geniuses of this age. Mr. ERICSSON's description of his engine, by means of a simple working-model, was clear to the minutest demonstration, and every doubt of objectors was removed by the inventor's answers to their questions. The boat is a 'perfect beauty,' and her fittings-up rich and tasteful in the highest degree. We are promised a full description of this noble vessel and of her new engine hereafter. - - - We have often heard the picture-gallery spoken of, which is described by a favorite correspondent in the following communication. DAUBSON's studio at Little Pedlington was nothing in comparison to this 'store-house of genius.'

'HAVE you ever been in Greenfield, Massachusetts? If so, did you visit MARKS' Gallery of Paintings? What a collection! If not by a great 'master,' they are at least by an enthusiastic devotee. MARKS has a gallery and a printed catalogue; and fortunate is it for the visitors that he has a catalogue, for I fear that many of them without such assistance would fail to follow the prolific imagination of the painter. An industrious man he is, who has produced some truly *hard painting*, very hard, and he should have due credit for it. His drawing has its peculiarities, as have also his descriptions of his pictures; but both these are eclipsed by his sincerity and personal appearance. If you differ from his opinions, you dare not smile, for he is sincere,

and it would be unkind to wound his feelings: but if you can imagine an isometrical drawing, knocked out of shape by a streak of lightning which has just destroyed HOGARTH'S '*Perspective run Mad*,' and one of JOHN QUIDOR'S florid pictures, then and not till then can you conjure up the like of MARKS' designs. He claims to have made some new discoveries in art, and indeed they are so; but you shall judge for yourself. I will give the description of a few pictures from his catalogue, and then, to the best of my memory, his running comments, as heard at the gallery:

“12. Fort No. 4, (now Charlestown,) N. H.

‘HERE you have a fine view of Border life. This was the most northern settlement on the valley of the Connecticut River in 1756. On the left you see one of those strongholds which was necessary to protect the frontier settlers from surprise by day and tomahawk at night.

‘Here Captain STEPHENS, with thirty men, successfully resisted the combined forces of the French and Indians, and finally compelled them to raise the siege and be off.

‘It was from this fort that Him, of MOLLY STARK memory, constructed a military road to Lake George, over mountain and through forest.

‘In 1754 or ’5, Mr. PUTNAM, being out reaping, was watched by an Indian Chief, and discovering him in time, he made for the fort, about half a mile off. Then such life and death cutting dust one can scarcely conceive—two giants at a race. But the vigilant sentinel advancing to the relief of PUTNAM, the Indian hove his tomahawk, but by some fortunate twist, lodged itself carefully in the waist-band of PUTNAM’S trowsers, and thus equipped, was victoriously ushered into old Fort No. 4.

[Look north. Mt. Ascutney in the distance.] (54 by 38.)

‘Here is a stockade fort on the left of the picture, with a sentinel in a red coat at the door, which uniform was selected by Mr. MARKS out of compliment to distinguished Englishmen who might hereafter visit his gallery. In the fore-ground is an immense tree, the family or genus not very clearly defined. Suspended some where in the atmosphere, with arms and legs diverged like those of a frog under the influence of the voltaic pile, is Mr. PUTNAM, intended to be represented as running, with a sickle in his hand. Similarly influenced, in his rear, is an Indian bearing a tomahawk; and on the ground are two lines of foot-prints in advance of the line of travel of the itinerants, to indicate the direction in which they intend to run!—that is, one toward the door of the fort, and the other round the tree. This is one of the ‘original features’ claimed by Mr. MARKS, as giving some idea to the beholder of what the actors in the picture intend to perform. The time chosen is just before the moment when the Indian is to throw the tomahawk, which lodged in the waist-band of Mr. PUTNAM’S trowsers, and with which extraordinary equipment he ran into the fort, while the Indian ran round the tree. The gentleman standing at the door of the fort was the individual who furnished Mr. MARKS with all the particulars. While looking at this picture, the artist remarked that ‘the mist in the distance was the most artistic thing he had ever done,’ and that ‘that picture contained a good deal of real hard painting!’

“14. Portrait of General WASHINGTON. Life size.

‘How, gentlemen,’ exclaimed BONAPARTE to two young Americans with whom he met, just as he was about to embark for Egypt, ‘how, gentlemen, does your countryman do?—the great WASHINGTON I mean.’ He was well, General, he was well, when we left America.’ ‘Ah, gentlemen, WASHINGTON can never be any otherwise than well; for his name will stand bright on the pages of history when mine shall be lost in the vortex of revolutions.’

‘The great curiosity of this picture is the truthfulness of its description in the catalogue, and the peculiar condensation of time and space. NAPOLEON must have been rather retrospective in his solicitude, to have asked after the health of General WASHINGTON at the time of his embarkation for Egypt. This picture has no peculiar *vraisemblance*, unless it be as a likeness of a subject given over for a week or more by the ‘Society for the Recovery of Drowned Persons.’

“16. Incident at Bunker-Hill.

‘AT the commencement of Bunker-Hill battle, the Americans attempted to take a cannon up the hill, but unfortunately got stuck in the mud at the foot of it, which being perceived by a man by the name of WHELOCK, he offered to take the little thing and carry it up, if they would draw up the wheels with their horses; which he did, but not without splitting the shoes off his feet.’

‘This is truly an original picture, and not deficient in ‘hard painting.’ The drawing also has peculiarities claimed by Mr. MARKS as original. I remarked, that the man carrying the cannon up hill on his back was rather larger than the pair of horses and the gun-carriage in the fore-ground. ‘Yes,’ said our artist; ‘I always make my principal figure of extra-large size, in order for to give importance to it.’ I asked him if he had ever seen an engraving by HOGARTH of a man fishing over a bridge, and another lighting a pipe by a candle held out from a second-story

window. He said he had, but added: 'I did n't e'xactly like the drawing on it!' The figure of this HERCULES of the Revolution shows a peculiar adaptation to his occupation of carrying heavy cannon. The cannon itself was rather under size, as illustrative of the views of the HERCULES when he called it 'the little thing.' In color this picture reminds one of GAINESBOROUGH's experiment; the trowsers being of a sky-blue color, and undergoing such tortuous configurations as might be anticipated under the circumstances.

'19. GENERAL MARION feasting the British Officer on Sweet Potatoes at his Stronghold on SNOW'S Island, at the confluence of LYNCH'S Creek and Pedee River, South Carolina, 1781. (43 by 35.)
[Look west.]'

'Should you see this picture, and MARKS should be present, let me advise you not to 'look west,]' as directed by the catalogue; but as the picture is in the corner, 'look east,' or MARKS will see you laugh. 'The potatoes,' says he, 'are uncommon small. I made 'em so a-purpose!'

'28. A Peep behind the Curtain. (40 by 29.)'

'This effort represents a picture of a picture in a frame, with a curtain drawn across it, and a full-length female figure peeping behind it. The length of this figure is equal to the height of the frame; and as compared with the accessories, is about the size of an ordinary doll. The artist informed me that the beauty of this picture consisted in the meanness of the transaction being represented by the size of the perpetrator!

'39. The Misers. (From Life.) (37 by 32.)'

'One of the misers is just leaving the apartment, while the other is seated at the table, with his elbow raised above his head, so as to admit of the elongation of his finger to about eighteen inches; and we were told by the artist that this elongation was intended to give intensity to the action of pointing at the money!

'34. Sketch from BAYNE'S Panorama, or Voyage to Europe. (40 by 29.)'

'This is an extraordinary work of art, and is a synopsis of MARKS' entire system, as well as of BAYNE'S panorama. In the fore-ground is to be seen the dome of the State-House at Boston, from which we may trace a river; on its banks alternately occurring St. PAUL'S Cathedral, St. PETER'S, CLEOPATRA'S Needle, the Pyramids of Egypt, and still farther in the distance, a variety of heterogeneous antiquities, hurled together by the combined efforts of time and space. 'Why, Mr. MARKS,' said I, 'you have really, in this picture, given a synopsis of all the compliments our fore-fathers could by possibility have handed down to posterity. You have evidently represented distance with a peculiar facility, for I see you have half the globe concentrated here into forty by twenty-nine inches, as stated in your catalogue; but it strikes me that your coloring does not clearly represent time as well as space.' 'There,' said Mr. MARKS, 'you are mistaken; for in that particular my picture is mathematically correct, for I gave its different parts alternate glazings with asphaltum, just in proportion to the amount of time that has transpired since the creation of each object represented; so that, in fact, you must be looking through the proper relative quantities of atmosphere as indicative of the time! Don't you take the *idea*?'

'35. The Beaver-Dam, or the Last of the Race. A Scene in Langdon, N. H.'

'The pars told the sexton, and the sexton tolled the bell.' The beaver built the dam, and MARKS damn he beaver.

'36. Italian Moonlight. (24 by 30.)'

'The size of this picture, as compared with the area of Italy, as described on common maps, is in proportion to the magnificence of the moonlight.

'70. CAPTAIN FOGG'S Squaw-Ride, as described by GRACE GREENWOOD in GRAHAM'S Magazine.'

beggars description. It is the very kaleidoscope of art, and seems to be the smashological representative of all that is gay in nature, broken into half-inch pieces, and evenly spread over the canvas.

'The collection and the catalogue terminate with six small paintings of Italian scenery, said to have been loaned by the Rev. JOHN PARKMAN; and we have met with no circumstance so well calculated to excuse an 'outrageous act' committed by one of the Cambridge professors, as the fact that these pictures belonged to a namesake of his unfortunate victim.'

Our correspondent was well pleased with another 'institution' in Greenfield, of a different character, of which he thus speaks: '*Greenfield Museum*' far surpasses any other in the country. The collection of '*Ornithienites*,' and an extended list of specimens connected with fossil geology, discovered in this neighborhood, are superior to any other to be met with elsewhere. The industrious collector, by exchange and purchase, has rendered his museum a perfect *bijou*, divested of wax-figures and of the ordinary clap-trap of a country museum; and what speaks well for the good people of Greenfield, its proprietor leaves the specimens, coins, etc., exposed, without the least protection.' - - - Our friend '*Putnam's Monthly*' Magazine for January last, starts upon its race with evident spirit and determination. In appearance it is not unlike BLACKWOOD, with its uncut leaves and double-columns. We have not found leisure to read all its articles; but '*The Warden of the Cinque Ports*,' by LONGFELLOW, would impart distinction to the first number of any magazine. We cordially welcome our promising young contemporary into the open field of periodical 'letters.' - - - We find the following bit of 'Gossipry' recorded under the head of '*Useful Hints to Missionaries*:' 'A former pastor of the parish of Logie, Scotland, distinguished for his simplicity of manners, happened, when assistant to the celebrated Dr. HENRY, to meet the Doctor on the Castle Hill of Edinburgh during the French war, when the following dialogue took place: 'What ha'e ye been doing in the Castle, Mr. JOHN?' 'I've been about my MASTER's wark, Doctor; converting the poor deluded bodies, the French prisoners.' 'A most orthodox employment: of course you understand the language?' 'Na, ne'er a word o' French can I speak.' 'Astonishing! how did you get on?' 'To tell the truth, Doctor, it was no easy matter; for the first time, when I tried to be serious with them, they jeered and made a fule o' me; but I fell on a better plan the next day: I ordered in a great bowl o' punch, and we sat a' round it, and drank to ane anither; they leugh and I leugh: and ye ken, Doctor, the LORD warks his ain wark!' - - - THE following passage from an address on the death of DANIEL WEBSTER, delivered in the Supreme Court at San Francisco, by Mr. EUGENE CASSERLY, formerly of this city, strikes us as alike eloquent and forcible:

'Among the loftiest minds of the nation, he filled fitly the highest place. During his career in the Senate of the United States, his associates were such men as CLAY and CALHOUN, BENTON and WRIGHT, and many more of inferior, but still of great power and reputation. It was a galaxy of worth and intellect, where stars of less than the first magnitude 'paled their ineffable fires' and were lost. But WEBSTER still shone the brightest there—he 'led the starry host.' His intellect, capacious and powerful, grasped the greatest questions, and wielded them at will. His logic was like the touch of ITHURIEL's spear, and the march of his rhetoric was like the swell of the sea. His eloquence, disdainful the ornaments and the meretricious aids with which weaker natures seek to hide their poverty, rose like his native mountains, in simple, severe, self-sustaining strength and majesty, lifting all subjects which it embraced out of the fogs and mists of a lower sphere into the clear sunshine and free air of a higher heaven.'

The good old '*Society Library*,' which may with propriety be termed the 'KNICKERBOCKER Library,' having yielded to the upward pressure of the times, has sold its massive and expensive edifice on Broadway to Mr. D. D. HOWARD, late of the 'IRVING House,' and is about to migrate to the distant regions of Union or Madison Square. What New-York boy who used to skate on Sunfish Pond, or go out a-gunning away up Love Lane, could have realized the possibility of those localities being, in his short time, long before he reached middle age, looked upon as central 'up-town' situations?—where immense piles of brick and brown stone, (the latter not mere veneering, either, in all cases,) with gorgeous Gothic chapels and proud public edifices, loom up to dizzy heights, and

over-awe the adventurous old-fashioned down-towner who goes up on the railroad to look at the improvements. So it is: from the very first hour on the twelfth day of September, 1609, when HENDRICK HUDSON sailed the 'Half-Moon' into our harbor, up to this present year of grace 1853, 'Manahatta' has never ceased its rapid and restless progress; *never*, from the day, only five years after HUDSON's discovery, when the first ship was launched on our shores, till this present new year; a year marked as the dawn of a new era in the conquest of nature, when the atmosphere itself is subdued and bridled like a charger for man's use. The course of Manahatta has been always 'onward!' And so, moving in its restless tide, even the staid and impassive votaries of books, reluctant to be disturbed in their abstractions, are elbowed forward by the eager, jostling, money-making crowd. Hotels, churches, and even libraries, go 'up-town.' We understand the 'Society Library' will be comfortably established in temporary quarters until a suitable edifice can be erected for it: meanwhile it is constantly adding to its already rare and, in many respects, unique collection, now numbering between thirty-five and forty thousand volumes. - - - Nobody understands the '*Science of Advertising*' better than our friend LUCIUS HART, Burling-Slip. We have given one or two specimens before, and here is another equally good:

S AID MRS. JOHN SMITH to her 'dear,'
'If you'll buy me a BURLING-SLIP URN,
I'll pour out your coffee so clear!
And your steak shall be done to a turn.'

Said Mr. JOHN SMITH to his Spouse,
'This current bank bill you may take:
Buy the beautiful URN for our house,
And then let me go — to the steak.'

'And so it happened, that Mrs. S. got a BILL from her husband, and an URN from

LUCIUS HART, 6 Burling-Slip.

'*The Life of Mrs. Eliza A. Seton, Foundress and first Superior of the Sisters of Charity in the United States*,' (for a copy of which we are indebted to a friend,) is one of those beautifully-bound and printed books for which Mr. DUNIGAN is remarkable. The paper, the type, the exquisite portrait, are all signs of successful enterprise. As for the subject-matter, it must needs be of great interest, not only to Catholic readers, but to Protestants; to all who admire and love that class of devoted women whom we know by those beautiful names, 'Sisters of Mercy' and 'Sisters of Charity.' The work is valuable for the amount of information contained in it, and as furnishing statistics of the usefulness of the Sisters. As a biography, it is well and pleasantly written by the Rev. CHARLES P. WHITE, D. D. Mrs. SETON's life was a chequered and sorrowful one while in the world; holy and devoted when she dedicated herself entirely to God. None can read it without profit, nor without pleasure. We recommend it heartily unto all, as a foreible illustration of the superabounding enjoyment of the 'luxury of doing good.' - - - Mr. JAMES R. SPALDING has become permanently associated with Colonel JAMES WATSON WEBB in the '*Courier and Enquirer*' daily journal, of which he has long been a coëditor. Mr. SPALDING is a gentleman of fine acquirements, and his articles have been characterized by great vigor of thought and felicity of style. He has been cordially welcomed into the editorial ranks, where he cannot fail to sustain a position honorable alike to himself and his profession. - - - The publishers' advertisement of the *Seventh Thousand* of the '*Knick-Knacks from an Editor's Table*,' with notices from the public press, will be found on the second page of the cover. It is

announced, we perceive, in the London journals, as 'nearly ready,' ('crown-post, 8vo., with illustrations,') by an eminent London publishing-house. - - - That ancient, copious, tasteful, well-conducted and well-known weekly journal, the New-York '*Albion*,' appears in a holiday-suit of entirely new types, in which the clever articles of its accomplished editor appear to even more than their wonted advantage. A welcome New-Year's gift to its subscribers is furnished in a superb large engraving of 'MARY Queen of Scots,' from an original picture by WANDESFORDE, in the possession of the editor, WILLIAM YOUNG, Esq., which is engraved by RITCHIE in the first style of the celaturic art. - - - MR. WILLIAM HENRY FRY's lectures on music have been attended by large, intelligent, and appreciative audiences. Mr. FRY possesses the most valuable qualities of a public lecturer, being perfectly master of his subject, and able so to explain and illustrate it, as to make his hearers understand *him*. The musical illustrations he introduces, and the concert with which each lecture closes, give a pleasing variety, which does away with the tedium of listening to a long discourse. The effect of these lectures, in exciting our citizens to acquire and cultivate a high standard of musical excellence, will be most happy: and we heartily wish Mr. FRY the success which he so richly deserves. - - - MRS. KIRKLAND's '*Book for the Home Circle*' has been recently published by Mr. CHARLES SCRIBNER. The essays contained in this work (which appears in choice holiday garb) have all the grace and charm of the author's previous writings: a clear, free style, an unusual descriptive power, a high aim and application. There are sentiments in several of these papers so true, and bold, and nervously expressed, that they cannot fail, properly considered, to do immense good, and promote the social happiness of those for whom the book is designed. And altogether, it would be hard to find a more unexceptionable recreation for the winter fire-side, or a more delightful companion for every 'home-circle,' than this. The illustrations are well conceived and very cleverly executed. - - - The following works have been received at the office of this Magazine within the month. Notices of several of them, (together with four pages of deferred 'Gossip,') although in type, have been crowded out by the press of matter upon our pages: BURCHARD's 'Daughters of Zion;' 'Gems from Fable-Land;' M'FARLANE's 'Japan;' 'Songs of the Seasons, and other Poems;' BARRY CORNWALL's 'Essays and Tales in Prose;' HENRY ALFORD's 'Poems;' MACRAY's 'Poems;' 'A Bunch of Pansies;' 'Life of BERNARD PALISSY;' 'Garden-Walks with the Poets;' 'Village Life in Egypt,' etc., etc.

* * * WHEN you read the following 'first-rate notice' of the '*Home-Journal*' weekly paper, which we copy from the '*Boston Transcript*,' please bear in mind that you can have a copy of the '*JOURNAL*' with the KNICKERBOCKER, for four dollars a year, sent to this office. Think of that! As the editors of the JOURNAL say: 'the cheapest and most convenient mode of procuring the best FAMILY NEWSPAPER and the best MAGAZINE of the day.'

'We were much amused on getting into an omnibus, a day or two since, by hearing the parting injunction of an anxious mother, who was evidently starting on a journey into the country. '*Take care of the baby, and do n't forget to send the Home-Journal!*' she cried out lustily from the window as we drove away from her door. We have faith in that lady's domestic character, and feel sure that her fire-side is a happy one. The '*Home-Journal*' and the 'baby' occupied her last thoughts, (the latter first, of course,) but the connection of the twain in her mind gave rise to a few pleasant reflections on MORRIS and WILLIS's excellent Journal in our own. If the good, kind soul could not have her baby with her, why she chose the next best reminder of her happy home. The paper might be sent by the post, but the baby could n't. To give up *both* she would find quite impossible. Her husband, by the way, was not mentioned in her farewell inventory, but he, no doubt, was awaiting her arrival in the country, and would enjoy his favorite paper through the music of her voice. Long life to the '*Home-Journal*' and the 'baby,' so opportunely mentioned as above! Every husband will take care to have a copy on his wife's table every Saturday morning. We say Saturday, because the week closes brighter and better after the reading of so cheerful a family paper.'